

1487. aaa. 8.

LUCIDOR,
OR
TRAVELS
OF A
PHILOSOPHER,

THROUGH THE VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE;

Humourously describing the Manners and Customs.

INTERSPERSED WITH ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERS.

LONDON:

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THE P R E F A C E.

THE present production is not a work of Criticism, but of Truth. The remarks made by REASON, under the name of LUCIDOR, would be insipid, were they barely confined to Elogiums. There is not a book of Geography, which, speaking of the different nations, does not tell us that some are slothful, others vindictive; some inconstant, others artful, because there is not one single nation on earth that hath not some faults.—Truth is generally found in the mid-way between *Panegyric* and *Satire*.

THE inhabitants of a country, and especially those of small towns, would never have their native place mentioned, without great commendations: this is the effect of a mistaken self-love. But must commendations be lavishly bestowed, right or wrong, to humour the delicate feelings of Pride or Prejudice.—The language of REASON will ever be that of sincerity.

THE particular aim of this work is to point out the manners and customs of different countries, as also the progress of the arts and sciences, not by way of dissertation, but by slight touches. Brevity is a merit, especially in a superficial age; and besides, a remark judiciously made, is often equal to a description.—Happy the Writer who says much in few words!

THE greater part of books are of no use to the Readers; men are attached to popular opinions, or national prejudices, instead of adhering to Truth alone. A work is almost ever condemned, or approved from prepossession. “Be of no country nor age,” said Lord Chancellor *Bacon*, “and you will form a sound judgment

"ment of what people will say concerning your parts, your customs, and manners."—But men like to be flattered. Few are capable of being citizens of the world, when judgment is to be pronounced either against themselves, or the customs of their own country. We freely subscribe to a judgment pronounced on a neighbouring nation, but will not acknowledge our own picture.—It is the history of an ugly person, who accuses the painter either of ignorance or infidelity.



The following Approbation is prefixed to the French Original.

A P P R O B A T I O N.

I Have read, by orders of my Lord Chancellor, a manuscript entitled: *The Travels of Reason in Europe*. It is a succinct representation of the manners of Europe; it hath the advantage of exhibiting the great principles of Reason and sound Policy, with a decent criticism free from all bitterness, and therefore properly calculated to instruct and correct without giving offence.

Paris, June the 24th, 1771.

GENET,

Doctor of the House and Society of the Sorbonne.

E R R A T A.

P. 169 for CHAPTER XXXVIII r. CHAPTER XXXVII.

192 line 13 for *debauchees* r. *debauches*.



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T H E

T R A V E L S, &c.

C H A P T E R I.

T U R K Y.

IT was in the midst of the fashions, which exercise so tyrannic a sway over us, that REASON undertook to pay us a visit, and in the spring of the year 1769, she executed the generous design.

“LET me see,” said she, “if the lights I have imparted to the *Europeans*, as to that part of mankind for whom I have a distinguished affection, are not obscured, and if they still revere my laws.” She immediately assumed the stature and figure of an amiable Philosopher, such as *Minerva* appeared to the eyes of *Telemachus*, and began her journey towards the empire of the *Ottomans*.

HER equipage was neither in the tattered condition of our hackney coaches, nor had it the elegance of our phaetons. It was a convenient carriage, whereon was seen neither gilding nor varnish.

B

A

A SINGLE servant, whom she considered less as a slave, than as an indigent friend, was the whole of her retinue.—REASON is neither vain nor tyrannical.

THE first countries LUCIDOR (that was the name REASON took) passed through, were frightful deserts. He there had an opportunity of seeing an innocent old man, whom Despotism kept in chains. His name was *Nabal*, and, on some clandestine informations against him, (the particulars of which he never knew) he had been condemned, thirty years before, to live remote from his family, or rather from the whole world.

THE *Sultan* nevertheless looked upon himself as the most clear-sighted of Princes: but how can a man be undeceived, when he has no other Counsellors than crafty Courtiers, who encourage falsehood, and drive away truth.—Innocence has only one voice, Injustice has a thousand.

EVERY body must have been moved to compassion at the sight of the venerable prisoner. Besides a beard as white as ivory, which gave him the appearance of Candour itself, he was continually lifting up his eyes to heaven, and conjured it, in the warmest manner, to pardon his accusers. “All is for the best,” said he, “and Providence has its designs in keeping me thus in captivity. I was in a brilliant
“liant

Turky.

of REASON.

3

"liant post, which might at last have blinded
"me; here I have nothing to mind but my
"soul, which it is impossible to enchain. I
"raise it above this body, which you behold
"a captive, and lead it through spaces a thou-
"sand times more extensive than all *Turky*.

"THERE is neither prison nor exile to an
"elevated soul," replied LUCIDOR; "walls fall
"down before a man, who looks upon the
"earth as an atom, and attends only to his
"duty." After quitting the virtuous *Nabal*,
he spent above an hour in reflecting on the
advantages of Wisdom, which is found in
every climate.

"BEHOLD here a country," said he, "where,
"according to appearances, a man was likely
"to find nothing but ignorance and barba-
"rism, and there I find a Sage worthy to go-
"vern Kings. A noble example this! Why is
"it not known to those proud Enthusiasts,
"who imagine there is no merit to be found,
"but in their own country!"

Soon did CONSTANTINOPLE present itself to
the eyes of our Philosopher, but, though a
ravishing spectacle, it only recalled to his mind
all the massacres and horrors we read in his-
tory. The exploits of *Constantine*, and the
shocking changes and revolutions brought
about by *Mahomet*, were the only objects that

fixed his attention.—A person that travels with reflection, joins the past to the present.

SCARCE had he got into the city, but he conformed to the manners of the inhabitants. He was not heard to make a jest of their customs, or to complain of their way of living. He contented himself with deploring, in secret, the slavery of the nation, and its ignorance, the consequence thereof, acknowledging at the same time, that the good sense of the *Turks* is less clouded, than that of men who read to excess.—We adopt the turn of mind of every body else, and lose our own, when we are for knowing every thing.

THE frightful manner of approaching the *Sultan* terrified him. He saw nothing, but a degradation of human nature, both in the abject behaviour of the subjects, and in the haughtiness of the sovereign.—“These are “statues,” said he to himself, “and not thinking Beings.”

HE perceived that the women, so worthy of being beloved for their wit and agreeable conversation, were dear to the *Musulmans* only on account of their beauty, and, in that, they offered an insult to the sex, instead of honouring it.

THIS he understood from a *Circassian* damzel, who had been sacrificed to the passion of a *Bashaw*. “I was (said this young creature,
“as

“ as beautiful as she was modest) taken away,
“ when only eleven years old, to be the sport
“ of all the capriciousness and madness of one
“ of the most unaccountable and most cruel
“ of men—He stifles me with caresses, he kills
“ me with blows.”

PRONOUNCING these words, she tore her hair, formed in beautiful tresses by the Graces themselves. She afterwards added, (while a few tears, less like tears than drops of dew, bedewed her vermillion cheeks) that, “ but
“ for her misfortune, she had supported, by
“ the labour of her hands, a mother, whom
“ she valued more than life, and had preserved
“ an innocence, which, she had been told,
“ was of greater worth than all the treasures
“ of the world.”—Virtue is the growth of every country.

LUCIDOR, while deeply affected with this recital, raised her spirits, and assured her, that
“ all the efforts of men could never make us
“ contract guilt against our inclination; that
“ sooner or later heaven would deliver her
“ from her captivity.”

THE oracle was verified a few days after. The *Bashaw* was strangled for acts of injustice, and the unfortunate *Circassian* set at liberty.

HER first steps led her to LUCIDOR, who, instead of abusing her charms and misfortune,

sent her off to her mother, after giving her a few pieces of gold, some advice relative to her situation, and recommending her to a Captain who was ready to set sail.

THE ship was already at a distance, and there were seen, in the midst of the waves, hands, whiter than alabaster, raised towards heaven, seeming to solicit it to pour down its gifts on so generous a benefactor.—Gratitude is more the work of the heart, than of education.

LUCIDOR spent the day in relishing the pleasure which we always find in performing a good action, and the next day had a discourse with the *Vizir*, on the polity and manners of the country. This Minister, an able man, owned to him, that “some prejudices, which
“had taken root in the mind of the nation,
“hindered the government from preventing
“plagues and fires; that the softness, which
“enervated the troops, was the grave of bravery; that they dragged with them in the
“army a luxury incompatible with marches
“and combats; and that to make their Officers good Soldiers, either *Prussian* Commanders must come and form them, or that
“they themselves must go and take lessons
“from Foreigners.

“WAR is not now carried on,” said he, “as
“it was fifty years ago; and we have no
“other

“other but the antient method ; the sure way
“to be ever beaten.”

LUCIDOR, charmed with the justness of these reflections, asked him, if he did not think that *Despotism* stupified the soul, and reduced it to the state of brutes? But all the good sense of the *Ottoman* did not carry him so far as that : He had like to have been in a passion.

MEN ever pay, some way or other, a tribute to human nature.

CHAPTER II.

He goes to RUSSIA.

PETERSBURGH appeared in his eyes a city built after the model of *Vienna* and *Paris*, except that the greater part of the houses were not so convenient as ours.

HE was introduced to the greatest Lords : they are of easy access. He remarked that the conveniences of life were much less known among them than pomp and grandeur ; that they enjoyed the superfluous, while the necessary was wanting ; in a word, that what was within, did not answer the magnificence without—Men rarely proportion justly their expences.

THE

THE company of the *Russians* greatly pleased our Philosopher. He found in his intercourse with them that justness and sagacity, which constitute the man of sense, and saw, that though they were created only in the time of PETER THE GREAT, they were already on a level with the most cultivated and polished nations.

THEY were entirely taken up with the war against the *Turks*, and he could have wished, that they had had nothing to attend to but peace. He foresaw that all this would end only in massacres and horrors, and that each of the belligerent powers (according to the usual event of most wars) would at last return home exhausted both of strength and money — Peace would be lasting, would men but calculate before they broke it.

LUCIDOR did not confine himself to these reflections. He wanted to know the true motive which put the *Russians* on action, and he thought he discovered, that the only real cause for which they began the war, was to exercise themselves in the art of fighting, and handling their arms in a proper manner: but circumstances led them farther than they had foreseen, and at last they fought merely for honour.

THE profession of arms is a trade which must be really followed. Men grow rusty as well
well

well as their guns, if they remain inactive. The reason why the *Turks* are generally beaten, is because they seldom fight.

THE *new Code of Laws* (the immortal work of the reigning Empress) excited his attention. He every where found in it traces of wisdom and genius. Happy, cried he, "this people, if their manners correspond with their laws!" But he apprehended they would carry too far the love of expence, and that luxury would at last impoverish the nation.—The distance between precepts and their execution is great.

AFTER visiting *Petersburgh*, he went to *Moscow*, an immense city, where nothing is wanting, except a police and inhabitants, but where are found men of erudition. The societies of men of literature, set up in *Russia*, had a well-deserved reputation; he saw them himself, and could not refuse them his suffrage.—There is nothing like the master's eye.

HE could have wished, that when *Peter the Great* stripped the Patriarch of *Moscow* of his too absolute authority, he had, at the same time, provided for the instruction of the Clergy. Excepting a few Greek Bishops, who as Monks of *St. Basil*, have some learning, the Priests of the country, vulgarly called *Popas*, are enveloped in the thickest darkness. They place *St. Nicolas* almost above God himself,

self, and maintain, as an article of faith, that
“*Sculpture* in Churches is a manifest viola-
“tion of the first commandment, because it
“is there forbidden to make any *graven images*
“to adore them; and, on the other hand
“that *Paintings* are very lawful.”—Ignorance
was ever the mother of Superstition.

SIBERIA, that land of Exile, where so many
unfortunate men pine away, could not escape
the sight of LUCIDOR. He went thither with
speed: but what a prospect! Nothing is seen
in *Siberia* but frightful deserts, where orders
issued from Court confine poor wretches, who
were either to be punished or sacrificed. They
there live at a distance from one another with-
out the least communication.

HE visited almost every one of the Exiles;
and during that long and troublesome journey
he picked up nothing but sobs and groans.
Here was a Lord, who saw himself buried in
a den with no other companion, but Despair;
there a Courtier, who had lived in the greatest
credit, and could not learn the fate of his
wife and children.

“IT looks,” said all these unfortunate men,
“as if this wretched country made no part
“of the universe: there is no more inter-
“course here with the living, than with the
“dead. We see nothing but snow, and the
“foot-steps of wild beasts.”

WHAT

WHAT still more affected LUCIDOR, was the sight of a young Officer, of eight and twenty years of age, and who, for using some indiscreet expressions with respect to a Minister, had been there two and twenty months. His noble and graceful countenance announced a fine soul, his eyes bathed in tears expressed his uneasiness of mind. He had contrived a sort of grotto, the walls of which he hung with images of death, by way of tapisstry. These images, made of clay with his own hands, comforted him by the prospect of his last end. "It is," said he, "the only hope I have remaining, and I endeavour to make my happiness of it.

"NEVERTHELESS," added he, "amiable traveller, whoever thou be, who comest hither to see men buried alive, shouldst thou ever return to *Petersburgh*, employ thy credit or thy tears to represent our sufferings to the Empress. They must certainly conceal from her what a horrid country this is, but which would be supportable, could the Exiles at least only meet together, and make a common stock of their sufferings: it would be an advantage to the country and to ourselves. By uniting our strength, our knowledge, our activity, we might fertilise these deserts, and the empire would reap the advantage of it. But that would be a piece
" of

“ of humanity, and our modes of punishment
“ must be barbarous, as if it were not enough
“ to drag us from our possessions, our families,
“ our employments!

“ Alas!” continued he, “ I am still more
“ unhappy than another, as I have travelled
“ in foreign countries, and lived six months
“ at *Paris*, an enchanting place, the remem-
“ brance of which only serves to increase my
“ misfortune.”

He concluded by asking me, “ whether it
“ were Monday or Tuesday:” He had lost the
count of the days. His taking leave pierced
LUCIDOR to the heart. He accompanied it
with whatever is most affecting in grief.

HE seemed however to receive some com-
fort, when our Philosopher told him, that
“ life was no more than an instant; that the
“ moment it closed, all became equal; that
“ nothing rendered sufferings supportable, but
“ a good use of them; that the sight of hea-
“ ven was the best prospect for calming un-
“ easiness of mind.”

WHEN he saw him somewhat easier, he
slipped away, took the road of *Tobolsko*, the
capital of *Siberia*, and arrived again at PE-
TERSBURGH. On the road he was shewn the
Hermitage of the famous Prince *Menzikof*,
who, from a Pastry-cook’s apprentice, be-
came, under *Peter the Great*, General of the
Army

Army and Prime Minister, and who, for the ill use he made of his credit and authority, was banished to *Takoufka*. He lighted to visit this memorable solitude; went through it with a feeling of admiration and grief, the rather because *Menzikof* expiated his fault by his tears, and ended his course with becoming a most zealous disciple of REASON.

AT some distance from thence LUCIDOR discovered the place, where Count *Munich*, during his long exile, followed the trade of a Labourer and Gardener, and left the spade and plough to return triumphantly to Court. —Some men are born for what is extraordinary.

SCARCE had our traveller seen *Petersburgh* for the second time, before he had a secret interview with the Ministers. He told them frankly that “Slavery ought to be abolished “in *Russia*; that the country would never be “more than half civilized, till men enjoyed “their liberty; that the rigour of the banishment inflicted on the guilty was worse than “death itself; that pains ought to be taken “to prevent for ever an empire, so extensive, “continuing to be the theatre of horrors and “revolutions; lastly, that they could not but “know, that *Despotism* was ever the next neighbour to *Anarchy*.” They owned all he said to be true; but it was the bell in the fable,

C

which

which none of the rats durst put about the cat's neck.—The constitution of states are not easily modelled anew.

HE was astonished that after so many amendments of the Calendar, and especially after the example set them by *England*, they still stuck to the old one.—An ancient custom is ever a law almost with all men.



CHAPTER III.

He passes through LIVONIA, and visits POLAND.

NEVER was so discreet and judicious a traveller seen. He expressed himself in the most accurate manner, his behaviour was moderate, nothing escaped his observation.

HE found in LIVONIA some Lords, who have had learning, but they live at such a distance from one another, that they cannot communicate their thoughts and reflections.—It is with knowledge as with fire: it must be fed, or it dies away.”

HE turned out of his way to see COURLAND, without reaping any other advantage, than that of finding by chance a few men of literature.—The soil is there sooner cultivated than the mind.

HE

HE soon found himself in LITHUANIA, which has nothing remarkable, but its immense forests. It was there he saw (in the midst of the snow) a young man with silk stockings, trudging along, and humming an air. He suspected him to be a *Frenchman*; nor was he mistaken. He took a pleasure in asking him what chance had brought him to a country so distant from his own.

“My story is very plain and simple,” said the elegant pilgrim. “I was a journeyman “periwig-maker, when a *Muscovite* Gentleman “took me with him from *Paris* to *Moscow* to “be his *Valet-de-Chambre*. Scarce had I arrived there, when I found the greatest misery under the most splendid outward appearance. I was obliged to live with fellow-servants, who had neither shirts nor shoes or stockings, nor any thing to eat, but what they could pilfer and steal. The ground was their bed, and the whole of their toilet consisted in combing their hair with their fingers. There are particulars of domestic œconomy in the houses of the *Muscovites*, which appear incredible to the *French*.

“THIS determined me to return to *Paris*, “where I had rather be a dog in the *rue des “Boucheries*,* than have a palace at *Moscow*.

* The Shambles, or Fleish-market.

“ I went into a church before I fet off, and I
“ confefs, that I could have wished to carry
“ with me all the Saints in the different cha-
“ pels ; so improperly did I think them placed
“ in so nasty and ridiculous a country.”—
There is none but a *Frenchman* who could
have such ideas.

THIS trifling adventure amused LUCIDOR.
(REASON can smile on proper occasions.) He
payed the Periwig-maker the value of his
story, and continued his journey.

THE first *Lithuanians* he met with con-
vinced him that there was something faulty
in the government of the country. They
were so many miserable wretches, who had
less the appearance of men, than of spectres;
and no other cause could be assigned for it,
but their state of vassalage.—Slavery is the
parent of indigence. By destroying emula-
tion, the sources of agriculture and com-
merce are choaked up.

POLAND every where exhibits proofs of this
melancholy truth : our Philosopher found
there knots of *Jews*, who carried on all the
trade of the country. To accommodate tra-
vellers, stables were converted into Inns, where
men lay intermixt with beasts : but even that
was preferable to sleeping in the streets.

AFTER running thro' the UKRAIN, (which
he calls a paradise inhabited by vagabonds)
he

he came to LEOPOLD, which might be taken for a heap of ruins; and there it was he expressed his surprise, how they could give the name of *Towns* to a multitude of villages lost in mire; and disapproved the fetters imposed on the Republic under the pretext of Liberty, and which hinder it from acting and judging: I mean the *liberum Veto*, by which the most insignificant Gentleman can put a stop to the deliberations of the Senate.

CRACOVIA appeared to him a grave city, where the manners of the *Germans* are followed; VARSOVIA an elegant city, where are copied the *French* fashions. He visited the great Lords, and found them affable and very sensible; but that only increased his concern for the Palatine of CRACOVIA, whom the *Russians* had carried off. He was sensibly grieved that *Poland* had been deprived of so virtuous and enlightened a Senator.—Why is persecution generally the reward of merit?

THE Colleges attracted the attention of LUCIDOR, and they were deserving of it. The *Newtonian* Philosophy was there taught, and intelligent masters laboured with zeal in training up excellent pupils.

HE spent some time in running over the annals of SOBIESKI, and would often cry out: “Oh! the great King, had he not hearkened
“to the counsel of a self-interested Queen,

“who debased Royalty.”—One intriguing woman is enough to ruin an empire. The Sovereign who makes himself her slave, generally becomes a *Despot*.

HE was very well pleased with the public Library, which enriches VARSOVIA, but was deeply concerned at not finding the Librarian there. Reasons of state kept him prisoner among the *Russians*; an event the more unhappy, as *Joseph Zalufki*, Bishop of *Kiovia*, is a Prelate who knows all books, and *Poland* is indebted to him for the advantage of a noble collection.

WHEN the war was mentioned, which brought forth so many confederacies throughout all the *Palatinates*, he was surpris'd, how, with so little discipline, and so small a quantity of artillery, they could bring troops into the field, and march against a powerful enemy. But the singularity of the thing was, that the greater part of the Gentlemen who founded the alarm, and fought one another, did not know what set them on. It was every where given out, that the laws were violated; and immediately every Gentleman mounts his horse, and goes to war.

THIS was what a noble *Lithuanian* said to LUCIDOR, when spoken to concerning his ardour in going to fight: “I am going to get myself killed,” said he, “without knowing
“whether

“ whether the party I espouse be right or
“ wrong. The multitude drags me along, and
“ heaven will decide, if I be in the right or
“ not.”— Courage engendered by enthusiasm
is always rashness.

IN the mean time our Philosopher, still keeping *incognito*, examined their manners and customs, and would the great Lords have hearkened to him, he had introduced less of grandeur and more of convenience among them; and instead of that multitude of servants they keep in pay, and who die for hunger, they would have kept only a third part of the number, but well fed and clothed: he would have suppressed those long and sumptuous dinners, which consume time and destroy health; he would have established a mode of administering justice, such as would have procured a prompt payment of debts to a necessitous creditor; he would have given a more extensive authority to the King, though at the same time he would have associated to him a Senate to nominate to the *Palatinates* and *Sarosties*; since it is an incontestable fact, that a King may do what he pleases, when he has all the places and dignities of the Republic at his disposal.

HE at last, after well examining the forces and laws of *Poland*, drew this conclusion, that
“ it

“ it was a Country which had many Sovereigns and no Authority.”

SEVERAL of the *Poles* owned the justness of this reflection, and especially the Lady of the Palatine of ****, a Lady as beautiful as learned, and who had a long discourse with our Philosopher. Like a true Patriot, she entered into a detail of the misfortunes of the country. “ We want,” said she, “ among us that harmony proper to maintain order, and to do good. With us, every one arrogates to himself a right of deciding, and of judging according to his caprice or passion. It was formerly thought, that travelling would cast our manners and customs in a new mould; but those that were natural to us disappeared, to yield place to such as are ridiculous. By becoming more polite, we become less sincere. To purchase modes, we sold our virtues; and generosity, which formerly was our peculiar lot, is now lost in a frivolous luxury. We must now have gilt trappings, jewels, and debts, to be like the *Parisians*. We should leave off eating, if we had not *French Cooks*.”

THERE was present an old *Pole*, brought up after the manner of the country: he raised his voice, and said: “ I never wore velvet, nor laced ruffles, nor had I any other ornamental dress, than my sabre and my mustaches:

“ taches : but I have ever kept my word, and
“ fought nobly. Several of our Senators, who
“ keep up to the old manners, will talk to
“ you in the same strain. They will tell you,
“ that a head, which shews itself only by its
“ forced curls, is commonly empty ; and that
“ there are more cold, insensible hearts under
“ laced clothes, than under buffaloes’ skins ;
“ and that the source of our misfortune is,
“ that we are dazzled by a pretended wit,
“ while we refuse to hearken to REASON.”

LUCIDOR smiled at the word, and owned, without difficulty, that “ men could never
“ act rightly, but when they acted in a rational manner ; and that an excellent re-
“ formation would be brought about in the
“ universe, if good Sense had sway enough to
“ be chosen the Reformer.”

“ I must however own,” said the Palatine’s Lady, “ that notwithstanding all our misfortunes, ours is still the country, where husbands are the most faithful, wives the most
“ submissive, and children the most tractable ;
“ so that several other nations would gain by
“ an exchange of manners with us.”

THE women in *Poland*, who have been civilized by education, are the most charming of their sex.

OUR Philosopher was setting off, when he was told that the people in the neighbourhood
were

were gathering together to see a corpse, that they said was a *Wampire*. He went to the place, and though he saw nothing but a man perfectly dead, without motion or life, and whose countenance only was red, some Monks assured him that he moved, and even cried out.—Such is the force of prejudice, where superstition is suffered to rule! The *Poles* are easily made to believe whatever the Monks please, as there is scarce a family that has not a Monk for its Counsellor.

It was in vain that LUCIDOR explained to them the cause of that ruddiness which struck them, and which was owing only to the quality of the earth, in which the body had been deposited. Instead of hearkening to him, they treated him as a man void of religion, and had near stoned him.—It is the usual answer Fana-ticism gives:

HE very prudently withdrew, and found nothing in his rout, but immense plains and forests of pines, which clearly shewed him, that *Poland*, so far from being well peopled, contains, at utmost, not above five million of inhabitants. And for this reason she sends out the greatest part of her grain to purchase commodities and money. These are all her riches, if we add thereto the mines of salt at CRACOVIA, and the ashes of some certain sorts of wood, called *pot-ash*, used in different dyes.

IF LUCIDOR met with no Robbers, it was owing to the *Poles* agreeing among themselves with as much difficulty to do evil, as to do good.



CHAPTER IV.

His Observations on SWEDEN and DENMARK.

A FAVOURABLE breeze, and a good vessel, soon conveyed our judicious traveller to STOCKHOLM. His modest air was extremely pleasing to the *Swedes*. Tho' they do not dress in a plain manner, they like it in others. They all along have had the best Soldiers among them. The Senate first of all drew his attention, which, like all other tribunals in the world, has its advantages and inconveniences; but he owned that the vote allowed the Peasants proved the wisdom of the nation.—Good sense ever deserves respect, let the speaker's garb be what it will.

IN his opinion, which he however gave with the greatest reserve, there ought to be less altercation in the Senate, and more deference shewn to the King; but Liberty would not have found its account in that; and its
empire

empire is known to consist in independence. Neither CHRISTINA, nor CHARLES XII. were forgotten; the former for having enlightened the North, the latter for having set it on fire.

LUCIDOR recalled several epochas of their reigns, and accused them of being too restless. A lively imagination rarely sympathizes with the art of government. Phlegm is more requisite to guide men than genius.

DESCARTES, who died in *Sweden*, was sometimes the subject of discourse. Our traveller observed of that Philosopher, that, though he excluded a *vacuum* from the universe, he often left one in his writings; and that, while he enriched us with the history of the soul, he gave us only a romance of nature.

ONE day, when LUCIDOR was taking a walk among those mines, the very description of which terrifies, and whose abysses are the retreat of criminals wisely destined to labour, rather than to death, he met a Peasant worthy to be mentioned. Proud of his quality of a *Swede*, he would not have changed his condition with the highest rank. "Every where
"else," said he, "I should be considered as an
"object of contempt; here I am hearkened
"to, and make a part of the Senate. While
"the Societies for the Encouragement of Agri-
"culture," added he, "will not vouchsafe to
"take

“take husbandmen for associates, they will
“only make books, but the fields will not be
“a bit the better cultivated: for such as you
“see me, Sir,” said he to LUCIDOR, “I have
“read a little, and I have found that the sheer
“reason of the Clown was better than all the
“ragouts of the men of wit.”

THIS honest husbandman was the head of a numerous family, into whose hearts he never ceased to inculcate, that “the finest title of
“man was that of being an HONEST MAN; and
“that the honour of having an immortal soul
“was far above all dignities whatever.”

HE was consulted in his village as the oracle of the place, and his virtues gained him even more respect than his good sense. His wife presented our Philosopher with a rural repast; and he partook of it with more pleasure than he would have felt at the most splendid entertainment. The serenity which shone forth among the guests, brought to his remembrance the golden age. The father, the mother, the children enjoyed a happiness nothing could impair: it was a confraternity of the happy. They had a small domain, where, by dint of labour, they forced the ground to yield them its most valuable produce.—No treasure can be compared with mediocrity: it leaves the soul in a calm, which it is far better to feel than to define.

LUCIDOR suffered more in leaving the company of these honest people, than he would in quitting the company of persons of the highest rank. He took leave of them in such a manner, as expressed the full extent of his esteem and his regret.—A single family of this stamp was worth, at least, a whole society of Cultivators.

THE *Swedes*, who for their amability have obtained the name of *the little French*, were very fond of our amiable traveller. Several of them accompanied him to the sea-side; and there it was he made the elogium of the Queen, as of a Princess, who for her genius justly merited to be a sister of the King of *Prussia*, and had the happiness of being the mother of the most accomplished Princes. They saluted and embraced one another, and LUCIDOR soon found himself in the midst of COPENHAGEN.

HE was charmed there to find a young Monarch, who had the maturity of old men, and whose understanding, formed by travelling and reading, will one day enlighten his dominions. He had several private interviews with him, the result of which was, that pomp ought to be banished DENMARK, as from a kingdom where it was dangerous; and that every state ought to spend less than its revenue, and have sums in reserve.

THE

THE Ministers appeared to LUCIDOR worthy of their employments: they served their country merely for the honour of serving it.—A glory the more estimable, as it is not very common.

OUR Philosopher went from the court to the city: that is the way to know the manners and character of a nation. The knowledge of men demands the knowledge of many particulars relating to them. He who has seen only the great ones, has seldom discovered any thing but dissimulation: the little ones shew themselves more easily.

THE *Danes*, according to LUCIDOR's account, forget what they are, in order to appear *Germans*. This gives them a constrained air, the more improper in them, as they could not but be gainers by being known.

THEY are taken up with agriculture and commerce, as with two objects hitherto neglected, but which are the support of a state; and these they apply to by acting, not by writing pamphlets, which generally serve only for the amusement of such as have nothing to do.

SOME young men lately returned from *Paris*, took great pains to bring the affected airs of our *Petits-Maitres* into repute, but their scheme did not take. The *Dane*, in spite of himself,

comes back to his serious turn of mind.— Good sense cannot bear what is frivolous.

THE arts had admirers, and the government laboured to increase their numbers. In the royal palaces were seen some master-pieces of work by *Danish* hands: these palaces, though not magnificent, present to the eye several great beauties: but, as a man of the country justly observes, every kingdom, which excludes the practice of the Roman-Catholic religion, as it has no intercourse with *Rome*, is commonly unprovided of good artists. To form the taste, a correspondence must be kept up with that capital: *Russia* itself, notwithstanding its Academies, feels that privation.

THE Colleges at *Copenhagen* were well kept up; but Pedantry prevailed too much. Studies never succeed, but when pursued with cheerfulness and life.

SUCH were the thoughts of our Philosopher, who left *Denmark*, after having scrupulously remarked the physical and the moral, and declaring that nothing was of greater importance to that country, than an alliance with powers respectable for their strength and prudence, since an agreement, rashly entered upon, might involve it in the greatest misfortunes.

CHAPTER V.

He sees PRUSSIA and SAXONY.

REASON knows the value of time, and never loses a minute. LUCIDOR passed rapidly from HAMBURGH (an interesting town) to BERLIN.

THE King was the first who perceived the amiable traveller, and spoke to him—It was the effect of sympathy.

THEY had a long discourse together concerning the best administration of a state; and perfectly agreed in every point. It seemed as if the Monarch guessed who LUCIDOR was: he has a piercing eye. They both owned that regard was to be had to climates, usages, laws and circumstances; but that there were practices common to all countries and all ages, such, for example, as not always to aim at the best, for fear of changing too often; to make the ordinances plain, instead of multiplying them; to give a continual activity to the administration of justice; to regulate the luxury of a state by its extent and revenue; to fix the price of bread, as well as that of money, in an irrevocable manner, since there is nothing more valuable to man, than what forms his subsistence; to keep up military discipline

in its full vigour.—A love of order constitutes the happiness of a people.

THE King himself shewed LUCIDOR his Library. It was enriched with the Monarch's own observations. There were a great many interesting books, the value of which he had increased by important notes stamped with the mark of genius.

DOM PERNETTI, a Benedictine Monk of the Congregation of St. *Maur*, exercised the function of Librarian; he was a proof to all strangers, that the King of *Prussia* had no prejudice against any class of mankind; that it was indifferent to him, whether a person was a Monk or a Layman, provided he was a man of merit; and that none but those of weak intellects would despise a man merely because he wore a cowl.

ORDERS were given to let LUCIDOR see whatever might excite his curiosity. The sciences and men of learning held a distinguished rank. They were revered like tutelary Deities, whose influence renders the soul prolific and elevated. The manufactures flourished without prejudice to agriculture; commerce kept up a happy circulation, the artificers procured an easy maintenance.—The art of governing may be called an harmonic science.

BERLIN

BERLIN is a city extremely populous. No one is impoverished by taxes, nor do the expences of the court enrich any of the courtiers. Temperance subsists by means of a wise oeconomy. The eye of the Sovereign declares war against whatever bears the name of profusion.

NEVERTHELESS, as it is impossible that any administration should be totally exempt from faults, an officer, whose bravery had exposed him to all the rigour of battles, complained to our traveller, that neither the nobility nor common people were sufficiently free.

"I SERVE my Prince," said he, "with the greatest zeal, and the warmest affection: he knows me, as well as he does every one of his officers, nor does he doubt the truth of my assertion; but, notwithstanding I so much admire his talents and valour, I cannot but own that it is a hardship for a citizen to see himself enlisted for a soldier, from the moment he knows himself. A government ought to have more of the civil than of the military in it; the principal view of men never was either to kill or be killed. I fear neither fire nor sword: I am covered with wounds, yet, this moment, would I cheerfully go to the trenches, did my duty call me thither. But is there no possibility of being less taken up with war
"and

“and what relates to it, without extinguishing valour? Men by custom insensibly become cruel, whereas nothing is so valuable as humanity.”

LUCIDOR contented himself with hearing him. REASON neither condemns nor approves, but with the greatest circumspection.

HE was present at a review. Never had he seen arms handled with such dexterity. The King was the soul of this brilliant exercise. He went every where among the ranks, told the common men what to do, called to them by their names, encouraged them by his example, and knew how to keep them in order by his firmness.—He is an equitable Prince, but has scarce any notion of a venial fault.

SEVERAL regiments drawn up together seemed to be only one man. The time, movement, and gesture of the whole was one and the same: the quickness of the evolutions were like flashes of lightning.

IF this be not practicable on a day of battle, it is at least a fine sight, and contributes to keep up suppleness and agility.

THERE were neither Poets nor Natural Philosophers at *Berlin* or at *Potsdam*, as heretofore; but there was peace.

LUCIDOR set off, after making a journal of what he had seen; which was really worth his while: and if he ran not out in elogiums on

on the Sovereign or his government, it was because REASON is not fond of paying compliments.

HE went through SILESIA, whose fields and manufactures point out its riches; and he found in BRESLAW [a city so often taken and retaken in the last war] Merchants both sensible and very opulent.

SAXONY became a fresh object to our amiable Philosopher. The country itself is interesting, and was well governed. The young Prince had able and virtuous men placed about him, who can give him no other than good counsel.

THE last war, the marks of which are seen on the walls and buildings of DRESDEN, made LUCIDOR judge that the residences of Sovereigns ought never to be fortified. A Prince had much better retire, if he be not in a condition to defend himself, than to see his own city become a prey to the flames, and his most magnificent furniture a booty to the enemy. —Some losses of that kind can never be repaired.

WITH a little less pride the Saxons would be complete men. —The *Elbe* has something of the *Garonne*.

LEIPSIC, where is held the finest fair in Europe, had some men of erudition in it, and its Bookfellers, men of knowledge in their trade,

trade, were provided of excellent books, tho' disgraced indeed by all those ridiculous and pitiful pamphlets, which are in credit with licentiousness, and are the produce of hunger. —To spread abroad bad books is retailing poison. The heart of man is, of itself, but too corrupted; this every man knows more or less from his own experience.



CHAPTER VI.

He arrives at VIENNA.

VIENNA could not be an indifferent object to LUCIDOR. That city itself has been the theatre of several events, and the EMPRESS-QUEEN who governs it, alone deserves the greatest attention.

HE was admitted to an audience with a facility, which would have surprised him, had he not known that MARIA-TERESA was equally affable and beneficent. She every day makes some body happy, better pleased with having poured forth liberalities, than to have gained victories: She is a tender mother, who sees no other than children in her subjects.

OUR Philosopher, from what she said to him, preferred her much above Queen *Elizabeth.*

beth. He was charmed to learn that she regularly rose every morning at five o'clock, and that she never lost a single minute in the longest day: that she kept an eye over the Clergy, the Magistracy, the Nobility, and all the Citizens with an indefatigable zeal, and that the multiplicity of the most minute details, never made her lose sight of the greater objects she had in view.

No subject was debarred an audience, no petition rejected. This great Princess, who may be justly called a *King*, as majestic on public occasions, and those ceremonies which require splendor, as she is plain in her ordinary exterior, has no other usual attendants than her own virtue. Monarchs cannot have a finer guard; but the manner in which she educated her august family, crowned all her other rare qualities. She herself had presided over so important an education, and had succeeded so well therein, that her greatness of soul has passed to all her children: they will make her live anew on the different thrones on which heaven has placed them: and how great must be the advantages that will thence accrue to *Europe!*

LUCIDOR, at the sight of these wonders, never walked out without his pencil. He was constantly writing, and in his pocket-book were these words: "The EMPRESS-QUEEN of HUN-

" GARY

"GARY neither hearkens to prejudice nor pre-
"possession. Her piety is masculine like her
"courage, and her reign is so wonderful, that
"fable itself can add nothing to it."

WHAT a satisfaction to REASON, to see its
lights so well improved, its counsels so punc-
tually executed!

IT was not suspected at VIENNA, that the
unknown traveller, who appeared no more
than an ordinary stranger, had so much influ-
ence over the mode of government.

IN the mean time the *Austrian* Nobility,
though very high and lofty, gave him a gra-
cious reception. He was invited to the most
sumptuous dinners. The entertainments at
Vienna are magnificent; there is a profusion
of the most excellent wines, without excepting
even *Tokai*. The Ladies make a grand appear-
ance, speak *French* the same as at *Paris*, and
dress in high taste.

LUCIDOR could have wished that the Nobil-
ity had not been divided into three classes;
that some *Etiquettes* had been suppressed; in a
word, that there had been less haughtiness and
more cordiality among them.—There is no
openness of heart wherever there is pride.

THE Finances were administered with pru-
dence, and the fortunes made by those who
had the management of them, excited no mur-
murs in the nation. The government knew
how

how to tax them.—Every thing is in order, when a Sovereign is capable of reigning.

THE Aulic-Council merited, for its wisdom and immutability, the admiration of our traveller. He found there none of those whimsical changes, those alternatives of good and bad, better and worse, which render a state as unfixed as mercury. Every Minister is obliged to conform to certain wise regulations, which never vary any more than the course of the sun.—Nothing equals the cool temper of the *Austrian* family in the art of good government.

THE Emperor had frequent conversations with LUCIDOR; he shewed himself like a Prince, who is one day to perform great actions, but who never will separate valour from humanity.

THE encouragement so liberally granted to the military schools, as well as the colleges, by means of recompenses and elogiums, produced a wonderful effect. Emulation roused the intellectual faculties, and light was seen to break forth. The *Teresian College* is a most excellent model for all the schools of the universe. All this made our traveller conjecture, that the eyes of government would be opened with regard to the necessity of allowing the commanders of armies to give battle, when occasion offered, without waiting for precise orders; that the silk manufactures would be rendered more solid and flourishing; that the custom-house
E duties

duties would be lowered; that the tax, payable every time a person comes into the city after sun-set would be abolished; that the squares and houses, whose aspect is at present Gothic and gloomy, would be embellished; lastly, that neat and commodious Inns would be set up.

NEARLY throughout all *Germany* people sleep between two feather-beds, without any curtains, and their eating is detestable. It is the custom of the public houses, and it will continue a long while. The celebrated VAN SWIETEN, the pupil and commentator of the immortal BOERHAVE, could not escape the admiration of LUCIDOR, notwithstanding the plainness of his appearance. He was the very soul of the schools, and of all the operations which relate to the sciences and the arts.—One great man is sufficient to convey light into the minds of all.

A DAY of *Gala* enabled our Philosopher to see at one sight all the Grandees of the country. They would be amiable, were they less ceremonious. The Court then appeared in its greatest lustre, and LUCIDOR judged the *Galas*, which in *France* are considered as slavish *Etiquettes*, a wise contrivance to render Princes accessible, and to bring them acquainted with the Nobility and Officers.

LUCIDOR

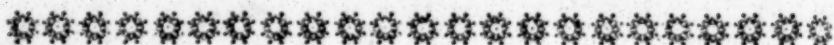
LUCIDOR went not to the Coffee-house; it is a sort of indecency at *Vienna* to be seen there.

THE sanctuary which the sciences have in this city, was frequently visited by our respectable traveller. It is one of the finest Libraries in the world, both for the books it contains, and the building itself. He found there some valuable manuscripts, from which he made extracts.—REASON turns every thing to its advantage.

FROM *Austria* he went to HUNGARY, where he found more bravery than learning, though all, even to the Ostlers and Stable-boys, speak *Latin*. He was often pressed to drink of that excellent wine, which is almost the Divinity of the place; but his sobriety barely allowed him to taste it. "See," says an old Officer, shewing him his vines, "what it is that whets
"our courage and warms our hearts, and
"and where the brave *Poles* every year come
"to drink that which keeps up in them a love
"of frankness and liberty. They parade in
"the cellars, where they place our wines, and
"some they have kept for above a hundred
"years, leaving so delightful an inheritance
"to their descendants."

FROM *Hungary* LUCIDOR went to TRANSYLVANIA, where he saw some good soldiers. As to CROATIA, it presented to him no other ad-

vantage than that of cheap living. The manners there are not very delicate.



CHAPTER VII.

*He passes through BAVARIA, and some other
ELECTORATES.*

AFTER he had visited MORAVIA, a country remarkable for its fertility and fine roads, and made his remarks on BOHEMIA, famous for its wars and capital, wherein is found a Nobility as sociable as distinguished, he went to MUNICH, a city founded by Monks, and therefore in *Italian* called *Monaco*. The Court of the Elector, who resides there, surprised him by its magnificence. Its palaces are enriched with the finest paintings, and the most costly furniture. There are seen master-pieces of work, which might excite the envy of the greatest Kings.

THE Ladies were eager to receive the unknown personage. They are fond of strangers, and their conversation is interesting. The education of the *Germans* is worthy to be cited: young people are there taught whatever they ought to know.

OUR

OUR Philosopher was regaled with a Comedy drawn from the manners of the country. It was a series of buffooneries, which were sure never to please the *French*. The *German* pieces have no other merit than a low burlesque. The more serious the turn of any nation is, the more are the natives delighted with farces. When they run to a play, they want to lay aside their own character.

HE read the last ordinances of the country, and found them very prudent. They regarded the Ecclesiastics and Monks. "They are to be respected," said Cardinal *Ximenes*, who certainly ought to know them, "but they must be kept in a state of mediocrity and dependence."

THE inhabitants both of town and country were content with their lot; for fear of being worse, they thought themselves very well off in their present condition.—All happiness on earth is merely ideal.

AUSBOURG, a tiresome place, like the rest of the *Anseatic* towns, offered nothing to *LUCIDOR*'s sight, but a gloomy dull appearance, notwithstanding the beauty of its buildings and the largeness of its streets. He however was compensated for that by the good sense of the inhabitants. The *Germans* observe a judicious gravity both in their pleasures and business: therefore neither those sallies of wit, nor

light easy behaviour, so common among the *French*, are to be required of them. What passes at *Paris* for a stroke of wit, appears to them a piece of folly.—Such is the nature of man. A hundred leagues, more or less, vary their manner of seeing and thinking.

HE found some men of erudition, fond of antiquity, but lost in *folios*. They spent day and night in compiling, and writing works as long as they are tedious.—Few writers have the art of making a book: some are made up of nothing but dulness, others of volatile wit.—A man writes as he is affected.

MANHEIM soon discovered the merit of our Philosopher; the inhabitants are a sensible set of people. At *Mayence*, *Cologne*, and *Triers* he was often invited to dinner, but that was not what he was in quest of. He rather chose to rove about in search of some of the Naturalists, Lawyers, Politicians, Orators, and Poets, who had acquired a reputation, and some of these he met with.

AFTER having heard them discourse, he conceived the *Germans* of 1769 not to be the same people as those of 1700; that their good taste was equal to their learning and sense, and that, in spite of the roughness of their language, they had found the secret of making the most soft and elegant verses.—Who wrote
better

better in that kind than the author of the poem on the *Death of Abel*!

HE was shewn some recent productions, which would have done honour to all the Academies of the world; but the number of them was small.—Every nation has not the talent of making books by thousands.

THE misfortune was, that in the greatest part of the Universities, the studies were pursued in a dull, heavy manner. The *Germans* have not as yet learned to clear them of that heap of erudition, nor of all those scholastic questions, which stifle the imagination, and drown the understanding.

THEIR food was likewise another rampart raised against genius. To live on pulse or too succulent meats, to drink nothing but beer, is the way to render the blood globulous, and to induce a difficulty of thought. The physical has a great influence over the moral. Such were the reflections of a *German Monk*, who had a long discourse with *LUCIDOR*, and frankly owned, that many of his brethren did no more than barely vegetate, by overloading their stomachs with too substantial a food.

HE told him a diverting story on that subject. He related that in a certain house of his order, the Superior being at a loss how to save the salt meat from the greediness of his Monks, who thought of nothing but eating,
and

and ransacked every corner to gratify their appetite, took it into his head to put the meat into the Library, and from that moment the provisions were kept safe.

OUR Philosopher failed not throughout all *Germany* to cast an eye on the fields, and on those who tilled them. The country people knew not what poverty was: they are there considered and treated as the arms of the state, and which are not to be overworked.

THE people of trade very justly found protection; but notwithstanding the protection granted them, they are not held in sufficient esteem. The *German* Nobility have ever behaved with haughtiness towards tradesmen, even when they asked credit.

THE Electorate of *Hanover*, and all the different *Landgraviates* afforded our traveller matter for many reflections. He there discovered that the Sovereign Princes in *Germany* are as affable, as the Lords are haughty, and that the attention they pay to the uniforms of the Officers, whom they oblige to wear them, even on the days of *Gala*, cannot miss being very advantageous to the military profession.

IF he has not made mention of all that he remarked in the different Circles, the reason was, that they all near resemble one another: the same good sense, the same cordiality are found in all.

FREQUENT opportunities were procured him of hearing the most agreeable concerts. The ears of the *Germans* are formed for music. The Princes send for Musicians, who can play on different instruments, from *Italy*, and the Gentlemen always find among their own servants, such as can play on the flute and the violin, so as to please. They particularly excel on the French horn; and this pleasure they procure themselves while at table, which is the more agreeable, as the sound is extremely softened.

WHATEVER appertains to harmony is worthy of a thinking soul.



CHAPTER VIII.

Of FLANDERS.

AFTER passing through SPA, at that time filled with people of all sorts, who drank or pretended they drank the waters, he came to AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. The games there played at were the more dangerous, as art determined the casts.

LIEGE appeared to our Philosopher a city that stood in need of the most watchful police. People are there affable. For the number of
Monks

Monks and Convents it is a second *Rome*, and its situation resembles that of *Lyons*.

BRUSSELS, for several days, captivated the attention of LUCIDOR, as a place remarkable for the Court of Prince CHARLES of LORRAINE [a Prince universally beloved]; for the beauty of its buildings, the number of its inhabitants, a distinguished nobility, an enchanting public walk; but he observed, that its being a frontier town rendered it disagreeable, as all such places are. It is a flux and reflux of Foreigners, often very honest people, but who are almost ever mistrusted, unless they have letters of recommendation.

PERSONS of rank never go out but in a carriage, any more than the *Spaniards* and *Italians*. They would imagine grandeur debased, were they to walk on foot.—No slavery is more cruel than that of being tied down to an *Etiquette*.

THE books read at *Brussels* are either of too frivolous a nature, or overcharged with erudition.—It is no common merit, to know how to keep a just medium.

THE schools of *Louvain* were too much overrun with questions of quirks and quibbles, to leave any scope to the imagination: they only served to blunt it.—What pity is it, that the understanding should be choaked up by that which ought to rouse it!

OPULENCE seemed to grow in the fields, and to walk along the roads: these are as well kept in repair, as the fields are properly cultivated. With regard to this article, the enquiries of LUCIDOR were very particular, and he was charmed to hear, that, in order to fertilize the ground, nothing more was required than manure and arms.—There are some old ways much better than the new ones.

THE country is stocked with husbandmen, whose strength equals their size. They are never dragged from the plough to be made *laquais*. War, which commonly lays waste other countries, enriches this.—Such were the remarks made by our Philosopher.

HE went through several Monasteries; *Flanders* is full of them.—More love for study would render the Monks in that country more interesting company.

GHEENT appeared to him a confused heap of fields and houses; ANTWERP a beautiful desert. This last city, enriched, as it is, with the finest paintings from the *Flemish* schools, is a most delightful abode for the *Amateurs*. There are found master-pieces of work, tho' inferior to those of *Italy*.

HE visited the *Beguinaiges*, those kinds of Convents, where young women, without making any vow, live under the same rule, and are taken from among the trades-people, as
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the *Canonneſſes* are from among the Nobility. He was ſurprized that ſuch wiſe and uſeful eſtabliſhments were not more frequent in Catholic countries.—There would be in that caſe, fewer victims ſacrificed to ambition.

MECHLIN intereſted our traveller much leſs for its Lace ſo juſtly famed, than for its fine Library formed by the care of Cardinal *d'Aſace*, and bequeathed by his generoſity to all the Archbiſhops, his ſucceſſors. A Library is a treaſure to a country that knows how to improve by one; but the *Flemings* do not like to make any great efforts of mind, and one would ſay, that they were afraid of wearing out their ſouls by taking pains to think. LUCIDOR reproached them with this their diſpoſition, and they took it kindly. The peculiar character of the *Flemings* is good nature, no ſmall virtue in the eyes of a candid Philoſopher.

FLANDERS however abounds with Bookſellers ſhops, and thoſe well furniſhed; but this is a branch of commerce in a country, thro' which ſtrangers are continually paſſing.

The *Flemiſh* Nobility ſhewed marks of diſtinction to the amiable ſtranger. They are civil, generous, and really formed for ſociety. The behaviour of the Ladies announces an excellent education, and our Philoſopher took great pleaſure in their company.

OSTEND

OSTEND appeared to him a very good place for seeing the sea, but he found no company that could engage him to make any stay there.

HE would visit himself all the fortifications of the country, to teach every traveller, that there is no subject of instruction, or object of curiosity that a man ought to neglect, when he passes from one place to another. He made every thing to be explained to him, though he knew all, as he took a singular pleasure in hearing the officers talk, who were perfectly masters of their trade.

HE could not quit *Flanders* without a sigh for the many useless wars, which have made it the grave of an innumerable multitude of *Germans, Spaniards, French, and English*. He thought he saw all those warriors, sacrificed to the madness of ambition, putting us in mind of their tragical deaths, in order to engage us to a sincere love of peace.



CHAPTER IX.

Of HOLLAND.

THE arrival of *LUCIDOR* at *Rotterdam* was an æra to the *Hollanders*. Though very indifferent with regard to strangers in general,

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they shewed marks of distinction towards him. They observed in his air and language a tone of reason, which made a lively impression on them. They therefore owned, without difficulty, that his reflection was just, when he told them, that their young people began to be frivolous; that they allowed their writers too much liberty; that the new arrangements they had made, would insensibly change their form of government; that the military were not in sufficient consideration, and that the peasants were too wealthy.—A husbandman, grown too rich, generally turns faucy.

HE could not satisfy himself with looking at those mounds and dykes, which stop the waters, and are the safety of the country. Industry in that way has wrought miracles.

HE was sensible that the excessive cleanliness of the *Dutch*, which is commonly made an object of ridicule, and which consists in every day washing the stair-cases and floors of the rooms, is absolutely necessary to hinder the boards from growing mouldy and rotten; but he could have wished that the same cleanliness had extended to their persons.

SOON did the *Hague*, *Leyden*, *Harlem*, *Amsterdam*, *Utrecht* become the theatre of his observations. Like an experienced Investigator, whom nothing escapes, he discovered that commerce was carried on with too fordid and

too passionate an interest; that money was almost adored among them, and that a *Dutchman* laid aside his character, when he allowed himself any superfluities.

"WE were never designed," said an old man to him, while he smoked his pipe with a deal of reflection, "to occupy those fine seats you see there. People wanted to allow something to luxury and fashion; but the Compting-house is our element. Every other situation is unnatural to us."

LUCIDOR sought every where for some men of learning; but their number was like that of the Elect. The *Dutch* lived on the reputation of the great men, who had formerly rendered *Holland* famous, and they were content with mentioning their names.

THE public Schools however had learned Professors. The University of *Leyden* was never without learning, and still continues to send abroad some great men.

IT was in this town that our traveller had a conference with two Quakers; but instead of drawing from them any thing like solid reasoning, he found nothing in them but a strange singularity.—REASON is not to be imposed on. In fact, retrench an incivility of manners, and a vulgarity of language from the generality of the Quakers, and you will find nothing in them, but men fond of their

own practices, to a degree of fanaticism, and of very narrow intellects. The frankness attributed to them often consists only in their mode of expressing themselves.—When a man is blunt, he pretty commonly passes for a man of sincerity.

LUCIDOR was much better pleased with a *Rosicrucian*, a sect now almost at the last gasp. He had a deal of knowledge and many secrets.

HE said, that “a *Hollander*, melted down “with a *Frenchman*, would make a complete “man; that the *Jews*, as usurers and receivers of stolen goods, could not but hurt “the trade of a country; that the States-General had not sufficiently provided for “the necessities of travellers, while they abandoned them to a set of people greedy of “gold; that the Magistrates were too often “changed, to have time to see things and “form a right judgment of them.”

HE had a singular system with regard to what happens after death. He pretended, “that we passed from planet to planet, taking “every time a more subtil body, till we arrived at the throne of God; and that the “life of man doubled, as he advanced from “one heavenly sphere to another, so that, “when he arrived at the highest, he was to “live about two thousand years.” He maintained all this with whatever a strong imagination

nation could suggest to him, and he uttered it with so decisive a tone, and with so steady a countenance, that in any other age he would have formed a sect—But the age of Sectarists and Reformers is past.

AFTER he had broached all these whims, he boasted of his secret, “by which he could “make gold with a certain *powder of projection*,*” and then LUCIDOR left him.—REASON requires that there should be at least a likelihood in what a man advances.

THE sameness and uniformity of the face of the country throughout *Holland* would have tired our traveller, had he been of a changeable disposition. Nothing is every where seen but meadows, trees, canals, without any vineyards, orchards, or forests; and the country, having all the four elements conspiring against it, cannot but be very unwholesome.

THE buildings, except a few, such as the Town-house at *Amsterdam*, shew neither taste nor solidity; one might take them for so many barges built in a hurry on the midst of the water; but as they are rendered more pleasing by the plantations of trees along the streets, they are thought agreeable.

THE port of *Amsterdam* is the finest thing in the world. The multitude of vessels which

* An imaginary powder of the Alchymists, by which they pretend to change metals into gold. They keep it a profound secret, because they have never found it out.

fill it, gives it the appearance of a forest floating in the midst of the sea.—Nothing is more pleasing than those views which favour illusion.

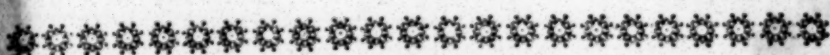
HE could have wished, that the *Dutch women*, who are naturally gay, could have given their husbands a more agreeable and engaging turn of mind, and that so singular a contrast did not shock travellers. A pipe in the mouth is the only recreation of the Merchants. When they go out of the city into the country, it is only to smoke; (the oddness of tastes would form a very voluminous history) and in reality their whole conversation consists in monosyllables, unless some important news (for they love to talk on politics) render them a little more conversable.

THEY generally reckon what a visit will bring them in, and if they find that they are to get nothing but compliments, they soon let you know that your company is tiresome. A person puts up with their frankness, when he knows them; but he must first be accustomed to it. Their address in keeping off war, and making trade flourish, prove that their good sense is of much more value than fine parts.

THEY often invited LUCIDOR to dinner, as an extraordinary man, whom they wanted to examine thoroughly; and he gave them some lights relative to their trade, which pleased them much.

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THE excess with which they drink tea, without any prejudice to their health, persuaded our Philosopher, that M. *Tissot* must have been in an ill humour, when he used such invectives against the use of it. The *Chinese* use it perpetually, and are strangers to the gravel and gout.—Truth is generally very remote from system.



CHAPTER X.

He arrives at LONDON.

ENGLAND, according to the custom of the country, was all in an uproar. The dispute was about something relative to Mr. *Wilkes*, which in any other country would have made no noise, but which there raised a flame in the minds of all.—It is in some countries, as in the sky, where the smallest cloud sometimes brings on a storm.

THERE is not a man in *London*, who has it not in his power to form a party, and excite a sedition, by bawling out, that “the laws are violated, and must be restored.”

THIS is what the *English* call LIBERTY, but it appeared to *LUCIDOR* an unbounded licentiousness. He could not conceive that the
unhappy

unhappy power of exciting a revolt could be considered as an advantage, and that the brutish behaviour of an insolent populace should be necessary to preserve the privileges of the nation.—There are *phenomena* in politics, as well as in nature.

HE conferred on this subject with several Lords and Gentlemen, and what they said was very sensible, though they were carried away with the torrent of opinion like the rest.—No tree takes such deep root as prejudice.

AFTER spending several days in the examination of the constitution of the kingdom, he observed that in some circumstances the King had too much authority, in others not enough; that vice was the source of almost all the debates; that the people confounded licentiousness with liberty, as being totally uninstructed with regard to so essential a point; that the great ones often affected to consider as *Patriotism*, what was merely the effect of a spirit of cabal, and a love of some personal interest. But he was greatly pleased to see that the taxes never rose above the abilities of those on whom they were levied, and that every citizen was respected.

HE often dined with the *English*: they love eating and drinking, and during their meals (which last, at least, three hours, and are very humiliating, when the soul speaks not a word)

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he discoursed on the manners and customs of the country.—A man of knowledge turns every circumstance to his advantage.

LONDON, notwithstanding the pompous eulogium its inhabitants bestow upon it, did not appear to our Philosopher worthy to be compared with PARIS. He saw nothing but houses that made no appearance, and rural walks without ornament. Whether it was his physiognomy, equally mild and majestic, or the plainness of his dress that imposed on the people, he was not insulted by the mob; he even received marks of respect.—The common people sometimes see pretty right.

HE was carried to St *Paul's*, which nothing but enthusiasm or ignorance can compare to St. *Peter's* at *Rome*, though it be justly esteemed one of the finest buildings in *Europe*.

ENGLAND was no longer plentifully furnished with men of learning, as heretofore; they were to be sought out: this gave LUCIDOR concern. He wanted to know the cause of this, and thought he discovered it in the soft and sensual mode of life, which, at present, swallows up the generality of men, and degrades their being. Intemperance is the greatest enemy to science and genius. When people set down to table in the morning, the soul keeps abstinence the whole day.

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WITH a design to oblige our Philosopher, he was brought acquainted with a person, who was said to be a man of great strength of reasoning. He sifted him to the bottom, and after a thorough examination, he found nothing in him but a deal of emptiness.—The human mind has certain bounds which it cannot pass; but unbelievers imagine that a man always thinks justly, when he thinks freely.

THE Academies, Universities, Libraries, seemed to be in the centre of their own sphere, when placed, as they are, in the very heart of *England*. They recalled to his remembrance a number of great men, who have rendered that kingdom famous, and whose reputation will last while the sciences themselves subsist.

LUCIDOR was pressed to go to the play, but he had not the courage to stay to the end of any one piece. Their tragedy had something too shocking in it.—A person of the least delicacy does not like to see the passions in an undress.

THE women in *England*, whose knowledge is greater than that of the sex any where else, often captivated his attention. They do not appear made for the spleen, they are so lively and talkative. The education which the mothers give their daughters contributes to this. They are brought up in great freedom, nor is the prudence of their conduct impaired by it.

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HE knew himself again in those sentiments of honour and probity, which characterize the *English*, and make them slaves to their word; but he wished those qualifications had been accompanied with a gracious and pleasing manner of conversation, without which the most respectable virtues lose a part of their lustre.

As they are particularly fond of a frank open disposition, it gave them no uneasiness, when he told them, “that it appeared to him
“a meanness in a nation, that had naturally
“an elevation of thought, to despise almost
“all other nations; to sometimes engage in
“war more through hatred than necessity;
“to allow a free circulation to a number of
“works full of invectives against the Ministers
“and private individuals.”

HE added, “that they were too dependent
“on the common people ever to be free,
“which ought to convince them, that there
“is no government in the whole world with-
“out its inconveniences.”—But when men have once adopted a system, they do not easily yield to evidence.

HE was shewn some country seats really enchanting, where, to imitate the ruins of some of the ancient cities of *Greece* and *Italy*, buildings had been erected, which were afterwards blown up with gunpowder. Our traveller

veller saw the famous Mr. *Pitt* (now Earl of *Chatham*) as an old friend, and they had a long discourse together on the present state of *Europe*. The conversation must have been interesting: it was a discourse between REASON and one of her most zealous disciples.

THERE was in company a Nobleman of great knowledge and amiability, who was very merry on his own country. "We are
"as inconstant," said he, "as the element
"that surrounds us; we have nothing settled
"and permanent in us, but a fund of taciturnity, of which we divest ourselves with difficulty. We come to a city with a design
"to stay there six months, and we leave it
"the next day. This proceeds from a natural
"inquietude which torments us, and of which
"we are not masters, notwithstanding we are
"fanatically fond of liberty. We were formerly beloved for the sake of our money;
"but we have been so often cheated, that our
"economy is now equal to our distrust.

"We would always be travelling, and yet
"in our excursions we generally see none but
"English. A ridiculous practice, which arises
"from the prepossession we have in favour of
"ourselves, and from our fear of conversing
"with others. We love *France*, but we hate
"the *French*; we are at the trouble of learning
"their language, never to speak it. We

"value

"value no country but our own, and can never stay in it; the women themselves go in quest of other regions, and quit their native soil. We are never worse than our word to others, though we are always on the watch, lest others should be so to us. We leave no debts or causes of complaint behind us; yet nobody regrets us, when we are gone. Our partings are as dry as our meetings; and we leave to the sex the care of the tender feelings.

"We talk little, because we are continually told, that women were made to chatter, and men to think. We take pleasure in reading; but both in our reading and our manners, we give the preference to whatever is singular.

"We are humane only from a taste for heroism; and we love pleasure without knowing how to relish it. We seldom approve of any thing, except what has a resemblance to our own laws and manners; but we make no difficulty of conforming to the practices of other countries, though still with a desire that, either by the cut of our coat, or our manner of presenting ourselves, we should be known to be *English*.

"We are seldom flattered, when praised: eulogiums in our eyes have always something mean in them.

“PATRIOTISM is our passion, *Liberty* our element; and we are looked on as enthusiasts in these two points, solely because we cannot bring others over to our way of thinking. There is ever something austere in us, which diminishes the merit of our sentiments and tastes.

“WE are capable of the sublime sciences, though too much slaves to our own writers.

“We continue our friendship to the last period of life, but not till we are sure of a friend from a long succession of years; so that he often dies before he has gained our confidence.”

LUCIDOR acknowledged the exactness of the picture in several strokes, and left not *London* till he had done justice to the qualities of the inhabitants, who carry both virtue and vice to extremes.

A SIGHT of SCOTLAND and of IRELAND was a fresh object, scarce less interesting to our traveller. He saw, with pleasure, that good sense was there revered, and that men were to be found there, whose souls, inaccessible to all misfortunes, know no other grief, but that for failing in their duty. He could not understand why the *English*, who so warmly reproach the Catholics for want of a principle of toleration, should be so ardent in oppressing the

Portugal.

of REASON.

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the *Irish* in point of religion.—It is hard to find men totally free from inconsistencies.

THE HIGHLANDS of *Scotland* were inhabited by several respectable old men grown grey in battles, whose memories were a very ample and curious book. He asked them some questions, and they gave him a faithful account of several battles, in which they had been engaged, very different from what we read in history.—Most accounts are those of the Historian, and not a real narration of events.



CHAPTER XI.

He visits PORTUGAL.

THE sea, favourable to the wishes of our Philosopher, soon landed him at LISBON. The view of the city, which is that of a perfect amphitheatre, has something charming in it; but the interior answers not the exterior, especially since the too famous earth-quake, which caused such havock.

THE *Portuguese* ceased not examining LUCIDOR: they are acute. This made him say, that if they would apply themselves to the sciences, they would go a great way: but all they know, is the scholastic Theology.—Custom almost ever fetters the mind.

HE was introduced to the great Lords, among whom he saw an opulence, of which they knew not how to make use. They contented themselves with being rich, and making a shew of whatever could dazzle, without procuring for themselves the conveniencies of life.—There is an art in knowing how to spend properly.

THE serious air of the inhabitants would make one believe that they despised pleasures; but LUCIDOR, who judged not from external appearances, discovered that their love of sensuality was a fire hid under the embers, and flamed out with violence, when there was no light nor witnesses.—Men wear different disguises. Idleness was the misfortune of the country; the Merchants were the only people who applied seriously to work.

OUR traveller induced the Ministry to diffuse encouragements by rewards.—We do with men whatever we please, when we take them on the side of interest.

IT was proposed to him to go to a bullfight, and an *Autò da feé*; but he contented himself with saying, “that those were two fights he detested; that he was not of a cruel disposition so as to take any pleasure in the one, nor a fanatic so as to be able to bear the sight of the other.”

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HE could not however help acknowledging that a bright light diffused itself over *Lisbon*, and that the *Portugueze* began to have better notions with regard to several essential objects. The Libraries were furnished with what satisfied REASON, instead of being filled, as heretofore, with ridiculous legends, and pitiful worm-eaten old books.—Science is a star that changes its place, its influence is not every where equally felt. In some countries its position is more oblique, in others more perpendicular; but sooner or later each climate partakes of its benign influence.



CHAPTER XII.

His Opinion of SPAIN, and of the SPANIARDS.

IT was Noon when he entered this kingdom, and the greatest part of the natives had not as yet begun work. Sloth, added to the heat of the country, keeps their soul in a state of captivity; and their mind, formed for great things, feeds barely on the honour of existing.

HENCE is agriculture so much neglected in *Spain*, and instead of trusting to their industry and labour, all their dependence is on the arrival of the galleons.

NOTWITHSTANDING this thick cloud, which casts a shade on the character of the *Spaniards*, there are found amongst them men of rare talents, and even some of a sublime genius.

THE misfortune is, that the studies of the country rather contract, than enlarge the soul. LUCIDOR complained of this to some Doctors of the University of *Salamanca*, and they agreed it was so. This acknowledgment was owing to the light of the present age; twenty years ago no one durst have made it.

HE ran over most of the performances of the *Spanish* authors; and, setting aside a multitude of burlesque sermons and devout romances, he found the number very small: this drew a sigh from him. And indeed the *Spaniards* are known only for their wars. Their affected indifference for the Muses made those Ladies long keep *incognito*.

As to the pride with which the *Spaniards* are reproached, he thought he discovered more of haughtiness in them than of vanity, the effect of which was a generosity of soul which heretofore so remarkably distinguished that nation. After all, when a good action proceeds not from the purified motives of religion, it is of little importance, whether it proceed from ostentation or magnanimity.

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THE expences at *Madrid* consisted in a multitude of servants and mules. People there are fond of retinue and pomp; in other respects temperance is much respected.

THE Monarch, who was ever clear-sighted in the choice of his Ministers, by associating to himself men of equal wisdom and understanding to share with him the burden of royalty, had given a new existence to his capital, and a new form to the inhabitants. That filthiness, which disgraced a royal residence, was no longer seen; nor those immense hats which shaded the face, and were very often a mask to the greatest crimes.—A Prince who knows how to govern, is capable of creating.

NOTHING was wanting to the glory of the King, but to give new life to the barren and languishing fields by a culture adapted to the soil and climate; to provide for the necessities of travellers, by opening roads and erecting Inns. No more Castles would be built in *Spain*, were there any neat and convenient Inns to be found.

LUCIDOR heard with pleasure the greatest encomiums bestowed on *Count d'Arenda*, as on a most able, just, and disinterested Minister.

THE *Spaniards* have a seed of greatness in them, which only seeks to be unfolded, as may be seen in many of the *Grandeess*, whose generosity has no bounds.

It is mortifying that this disposition is not set off with that agreeable exterior, which gives a value to the most common things. It is the most difficult thing in the world to persuade one's self, that men who too much neglect their exterior, can have a well-ornamented soul.

"THE dirtiness of our citizens," said a Grandee of *Spain* to LUCIDOR, "is the reason why we have few apologists. An age which piques itself on delicacy and refinement, only makes us the more singular; but a high-minded people is not easily pleased with foreign modes; it will be itself, and nothing else; so that it is tearing a *Spaniard's* soul from him to take away his cloke."

THE conversation of the women pleased our traveller beyond imagination. Their wit is sparkling, nor does REASON loose any thing by it. They were the first to joke on all the love intrigues laid to their charge, on the *billets-doux* they are made to write, and on all the sighs they are made to fetch. They asked our Philosopher if he was a *Frenchman* (though indeed he had not the look of one) to know if he would brag of their favours, or of having run away with them; "for we know," said they, "that at *Paris* people amuse themselves at our expence."—Whenever the *Spanish* women are brought on the carpet, there

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is always some silly story of that nature introduced.

LUCIDOR went through the principal cities of the kingdom, without finding in them any thing interesting, except in the sea-ports, where the concourse of merchandize and foreigners diffuse plenty and cheerfulness. The circulation of money constitutes the circulation of life. The *Spaniard* of *Barcelona* or *Cadiz* is quite a different man from the *Spaniard* of *Grenada* or *Corduba*.

THE Cloisters contained men of genius, capable of the greatest things, if some lucky circumstances had drawn them from obscurity. It is with the mind as with gunpowder, the more it is confined, the greater is the explosion.



CHAPTER XIII.

He travels in ITALY, and stops at GENOA.

THE Republic of GENOA, though composed of intelligent Senators, did not appear to our unknown stranger to have sufficiently provided for the welfare of the citizens: which made him conclude the country was not rich. And indeed, if we except some few Nobles

Nobles and Merchants, who make a shew of opulence, the rest live in poverty.

THE traveller, who only gives a glance, is dazzled at the sight of the magnificent palaces, of which *Genoa* boasts: but a Philosopher, who examines every thing thoroughly, discovers misery and want in spite of this exterior. The inhabitants of *Sarzana*, of *Lerici*, and the neighbouring villages, are like so many spectres.

LUCIDOR could not but commend the politeness of the *Genoese*, and he observed that their gravity, which is taken for pride, was no more than a ceremonious practice, and that in the ordinary commerce of life they were very agreeable.—A fine lesson for such as judge of people only from their mere outward appearance.

As to the common people, they are not to be too far trusted: they have always passed for the very worst of all *Italy*.

The Sciences at *Genoa* were neither dead nor alive: they were respected, but not an object of application. The *Italian* language was there embarrassed; it was spoken with difficulty.

LUCIDOR disapproved of all those *Cicisbei*, otherwise Gentlemen-servants, who every where accompanied the married women, and insensibly keep off the husbands. It is not enough

enough for a wife to be discreet; she must be clear even from all suspicion. Thus at least REASON thinks, and it would be no small undertaking to prove her in the wrong.

MOREOVER, manners in *Genoa* are as they are in all countries; there is something good in them, and something bad, according to the *Italian* proverb.*—This mixture is inevitable among men liable to passions.

HE had a mind to examine whether the epithet, *proud*, given to *Genoa*, was on the account of the magnificence of its palaces, or the haughtiness of its inhabitants; but after the examination, he declined pronouncing.—Prudence is ever inseparable from REASON.

HE told the *Genoese* before he left them, that it was a little act of tyranny in their Republic, to oblige the Publican to buy of them their bad oil and wine to sell again to travellers.—It is bad policy not to entertain strangers well. A concourse of people often make the riches of a country.

* Un poco di bene, un poco di malo.



CHAPTER XIV.

Of CORSICA.

LUCIDOR thought CORSICA very well in the hands of the *French*, and he considered that arrangement as having eased the *Genoese* of a heavy burden: for, in order to maintain the pompous title of KING, they exhausted their strength, and after all were no more than a Monarch *in partibus*,* or one merely titular.

WHEN our Philosopher saw the mountains and torrents, over which *French* valour had triumphed, he looked on the taking of *Corsica* as a Gordian knot which it was necessary to cut. The object of his first questions was their Chief, PAOLI; he was an old acquaintance, to whom he had communicated some lights relative to the sciences and politics, but he knew not what people thought of him in his own country.

HE was told, “ the General might have done much better at last than he did; that a capitulation would have done him more honour than a precipitate flight; that the

* The Bishops consecrated to Sees in the *Turkish* territories, where they cannot reside, are called *Episcopi in partibus Infidelium*, and are often Coadjutors to other Bishops, or Apostolic Vicars.

“ latter

“latter step proceeded from his not being properly assisted, and from his being less acquainted with the art of war, than with the interest of the different powers.”

LUCIDOR perceived that *Corfica* stood in need of a great degree of temperance to supply the wants of the Islanders; that a certain culture was wanting both to the soil, and the minds of the people; that notwithstanding the great names which some of the inhabitants took by way of christian names, they had a sort of roughness, of which they did not easily divest themselves, but that an intercourse with the *French*, very different from that of the *Genoese*, would at last soften their manners.

HE thought he saw again in the disposition of the *Corficans*, those fogs and inequalities, which corrupt the air of the country; though he owned at the same time, that the last war, in part, justified them from the imputation of being horridly cruel.—It is with whole nations as with particulars: as they grow older, they grow better.



CHAPTER XV.

His Remarks on VENICE.

“**H**ERE,” says LUCIDOR, as he entered VENICE, “is the most curious and “most surprising City of the whole world.” There is no forming a just idea of it, but by a sight of it. In reality, built as it is, on the water, which form both its lanes and streets, it appears like a number of ships on a calm sea.

HE examined the government of the country with all the prudence and caution which are there required; and he observed, that the people were fatigued with pleasures, only to draw off their attention from the proceedings of the Senate. Almost the whole year is spent in shews and masquerades. The manners lost, while the laws of policy gained by that means. “We are amused,” said some of the *Gondoliers*, “but it is not with a view to oppress us. The “taxes are moderate, and never induce want; “so that on examining the care our masters “take of us, and the happiness we enjoy, we “may be defined a free people governed by “slaves.”

THIS manner of expressing themselves shews a people equally sprightly and eloquent. They see things in their true light, and their repar-
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tees are extremely happy. They are allowed therefore the honour of *encoring* in the play-houses any passages which appear to them interesting.

THE Senate of *Venice* seems to remind one of that of *Rome*: there is the same exactness, and the same dignity. The Doge has nothing above the other Senators but marks of respect, and a larger bead-roll of titles. As submissive to the laws as the meanest subject, he is accountable to the Republic for his conduct and administration under pain of death.

THERE seems something whimsical in his marriage with the sea; but the people stand in need of certain ceremonies to strike their minds, and cause a circulation of money.—Opinion is the Queen of the world.

THE same cannot be said of gaming, which is always destructive, and which nevertheless the Republic very improperly allows to continue. Gaming draws on the ruin of families, keeps up idleness, stupifies the soul, causes studies to be neglected. There would be many more learned *Venetians*, were they less given to pleasure. The senses cannot gain, but the understanding must lose by it.

THE LIBERTY of the country, which consists in going where you please without constraint, in dressing as you like, in being able to buy fruit as you go along, and eat it in the streets,

was much commended by LUCIDOR. He found that the men by going out without a sword, the women without a retinue of servants, the senators without attendants, were freed from a species of slavery the most disagreeable; and that nothing more resembled the golden age, than such a happy simplicity of manners.

BUT the most wonderful was, that the Republic has wisely kept out luxury from all its territories. A black coat forms all the ornamental part of dress among the *Venetians*, and they trouble their heads as little about the modes of *Paris*, as about those of *Pekin*. They are content with the sight of some samples of them among the strangers who visit them.

LUCIDOR sought in vain for somebody to converse with. Six theatres opened every night were the destruction of all conversation. The *Venetians* go to the play, which lasts from six to eleven, only to amuse themselves with sonatas and little airs in their boxes. In the mean time the Ladies shewed their wit. Their sallies, added to the graces of their language, render them extremely agreeable.

HE was much surprised to see members of the Senate, with letters patent in their hands, visit the strangers, and proudly beg alms of them. One would think, that so illustrious a Republic ought certainly to find in its savings wherewith to afford relief to its distinguished members.

members.—A great spirit cannot well brook such an humiliation.

THEY wanted to draw our Philosopher into some amorous intrigues. There are every where officious people, and especially in *Italy*: but REASON, though a friend of the fair sex, avoids adventures.

THERE were some Booksellers shops, which shew that the *Venetians*, in spite of business and pleasures, sometimes read. The coffee-houses are the ordinary rendezvous. There they talk of news, and every other subject, except on government.—The city is full of spies, who like so many Argufes, have thousands of eyes.

LUCIDOR was desirous to see the Monks: they were then undergoing a reformation. He found a deal of sense in them, but they appeared to him men of great intrigue, and consequently dangerous.—Whoever quits the line of his profession, always runs into excesses, which if they affect not the heart, hurt the understanding.

After a fortnight's stay at *Venice* (enough for any one, who has not a passion for either women or gaming) he ran to visit RAGUSA (a small Republic under the dominion of the *Grand Signior*) where there is genius; from thence he returned back, and went to NAPLES.

CHAPTER XVI.

He passes through BOLOGNA and LEGHORN.

FERRARA, a city where there are more houses than people, and where travellers commonly stop only to give a glance at some of the churches and palaces, appeared to him a beautiful solitude. After visiting the tomb of *Ariosto*, a Poet equally famed with *Dante*, he came to BOLOGNA.

THIS place, filled with men of literature and learning, offers to the mind whatever can gratify it. Our traveller spent some days in their company, which to him appeared to have been only a minute. Some unfolded to him the innermost secrets of natural history, others exhibited all the riches of eloquence and poetry; even the women, in quality of Academicians, entertained him in the most interesting and most agreeable manner.

HE felicitated himself on seeing all his own knowledge turned to such advantage; but he spoke little, for fear of betraying his own secret. People so well acquainted with his instructions, might easily have guessed who he was.

THE ACADEMY OF THE INSTITUTE, an epitome of whatever is most curious in nature, became

became an object of admiration and elogiums to LUCIDOR. The four quarters of the world had contributed to form this valuable repository. It is there a man gets a knowledge of all the *phænomena* of nature, and learns to know and own that Supreme Wisdom, which created so many wonders in order to exercise our gratitude and our rational faculties.

FRANCIS ZANOTTI, the FONTENELLE of *Italy*, would never leave LUCIDOR. He accompanied him in all his visits, and every where knew how to please him.—An agreeable disposition has an attractive virtue.

THE passion of the inhabitants of *Bologna* for plays is that of all the *Italians*. The theatre is their element. Even the common people think they stand in need of that pastime, and idleness finds its account in it. Our Philosopher sometimes appeared there, like a man who sees things without passion. He was enchanted with the room, the architecture and symmetry of which form a ravishing sight.

THERE was in the middle of *Bologna* a house hired by the Nobility, where they met together to play and converse. LUCIDOR procured admission, and in the space of two hours he knew the whole city. This appeared to him extremely convenient, and worthy of imitation.

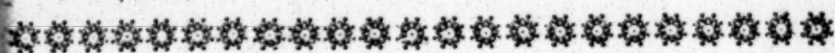
IN vain did he examine, with the most critical eye, the behaviour of the husbands; far from finding them jealous, he saw, without much trouble, that they were but too easy. The opinion however of *Italian* jealousy has taken so deep root, that, whatever can be said to destroy it, people will for ever keep repeating, that the *Italian* wives have so many spies in their husbands.—An *Italian* is jealous of his mistress alone.

FEW people see with the eyes of truth the magnificent paintings that *Bologna* is full of; they stopped LUCIDOR longer than he imagined.—The beautiful has the greatest ascendancy over a soul that reflects.

LEGHORN, whither our traveller hastened with great eagerness, presented a different scene. No other science is known there than Commerce, and of all the cities of *Italy*, it appears the least *Italian*. The foreigners, of whom there are great numbers from all parts, have made it a tour of *Babel* both for manners and language.

“When you see this port,” said the captain of a vessel to LUCIDOR, “you discover the mine from whence the *Medicis*, Grand Dukes of *Tuscany*, draw all their treasures. From thence they got the seed of their grandeur, and found means of forming artists, of reviving the arts, and enriching their country
“with

“with the most valuable master-pieces of
“work.” Thus he was speaking, when they
set sail, and they were soon in the open sea.



CHAPTER XVII.

He arrives at MALTA, and visits SICILY.

THE passage was dangerous, though not long. A thick darkness brought on night at noon day. The winds roared furiously, the waves rolled one upon another, the vessel, sometimes more than mountain high, then again sinking deeper than a precipice, threatened the crew with immediate destruction. Some cursed the sea, others implored the assistance of heaven; and in the midst of this horrid confusion, LUCIDOR, far from murmuring, waited with patience, and set himself to work — Complaints are no remedy for evils, and fear only serves to increase them.

MALTA, that famous Island, made to give laws to the enemies of the Christian name, or at least to stop their incursions, interested our traveller very much, both by its government and situation. He saw there the flower of the Nobility opening under the Empire of the Grand Master, whose sovereignty is not felt,
except

except in acts of clemency and politeness. He commands the most respectable portion of *Europe*, without any shew of command, knowing that it is the love of duty that guides a noble soul, and not the fear of punishment.

LUCIDOR met with a most magnificent reception from the then Grand Master, *Emanuel Pinto*, who had no other fault than extreme old age, and was REASON's interpreter. They discoursed together like two friends on the soil of the country, which is but indifferent; on the character of the *Maltese*, whose *African* manners breathe debauchery and fierceness, when not civilized; on the quality of the climate, which here renders the air inflammable on summer-days.

HE was led to the grotto of *St Paul*, where is found a sort of stone which vegetates, and produces others.—The *phænomena* of nature never escape the eyes of REASON.

HE went to the different taverns where the Knights meet together, and their conversation proved that they applied seriously to their profession; and that reading was their recreation.

TIME cannot be better employed in a country, where, unfortunately, the resource of enjoying the company of Ladies of distinction, who constitute good company, is not to be found. Except some Baronnesses, there are

few

few but ordinary women in the city of *Malta*. Men soon grow tired of one another, unless the sex be of the party; the amiableness they diffuse, joined to the decency they inspire, makes the pleasure of society.

The Pope keeps a Nuncio at *Malta*, and LUCIDOR went to see him. A person almost ever gains by associating with the *Italians*. There are few of them, especially in any eminent post, who are not men of great knowledge and understanding.

THE Knights, charmed with the merits and agreeable conversation of the amiable stranger, who came to pay them a visit, led him every where, and shewed him the galleys of the order; but when they endeavoured to find him out, he artfully made them mistake him for another, without ever telling them a lie. —A person is not obliged to tell every thing that is true: to hold one's tongue is no dissimulation.

He set off after visiting the fortifications, which may be reckoned among the curious monuments, and went to SICILY, where he was expected.

PALERMO, a very beautiful and a very populous city, and where a considerable Nobility make a figure, is justly reckoned the capital of the country. More wit than learning is found there. Vivacity appears the predominant

nant character. It is natural enough that the *Sicilians* should feel something of the effects of *Mount-Ætna*, which is in their country.

GRANDEUR here, as well as in *Italy*, is confined merely to outward shew. The palaces are magnificent, the tables extremely frugal. They live on chocolate and slight refreshments.

LUCIDOR took a pleasure in seeing strings of coaches in the streets. An equipage in *Sicily* and in *Italy* is almost as necessary as a house. It is degrading to people of rank to go on foot; or if they do walk, it is never without having their carriage follow: a mark this of their vanity.

SYRACUSE, at once the cradle and grave of *Archimedes*, recalled to his remembrance the tragical end of that Philosopher. He only stopped to honour his manes with his regrets. He might have done it with libations of wine: there is plenty of it produced in the country, and it is of an excellent kind.

OUR traveller paid great attention to the fertility of the country, which by the abundance of its silks and corn corresponds with all *Europe*; and after seeing *Messina*, as a seaport, where commerce is necessary to dissipate indolence and sloth, he went to *Calabria*.

HE saw nothing there but insects and robbers, except a few small towns inhabited by some honest people.

THIS

THIS country abounds with Monks and Bishops. They discoursed with him on the manners of the country, which are not as yet too polished, and probably may wait some ages before that change is brought about. Countries which lie at the extremities of a state, and have nothing beyond them but barbarous regions, are a long while civilizing. *Russia* is a proof of this. Numberless generations, and unparalleled revolutions were requisite to make it what it is at present.

LUCIDOR had been taken by the *Algerines*, had not the Knights of *Malta* saved him. REASON would have been in a very improper place at *Algiers*. *Calabria* served him as a porch to enter the *Neapolitan* territories. They shew themselves by the most beautiful prospects.

NAPLES, a city situated on volcanoes, appears an ant-hill for its excessive population. There is nothing on every side to be seen, but men squeezing and thrusting one another, and a third part, at least, of them, are covered only with rags.—It is pity that so agreeable a place should be disfigured by such a sight.

LUCIDOR concluded that sloth was the cause of that astonishing poverty. A thing the more surprizing, as there are a thousand ways of gaining one's bread in a sea-port town, and that the present Ministers are men of great zeal and sagacity; but it will be said that

there are abuses every where, and that sloth is the original sin of the country.

THE education of the Nobility was no less shocking to the eyes of our traveller. The young people, instead of labouring to form the heart and mind, but too often lose their early years, in being taken up with horses, and keeping company with livery-servants, the effect of which is to render them clownish both in their manners and language.

THE vicinity of *Mount-Vesuvius* affects the head: the imagination of the *Neapolitans* burns like a volcano. The fire of genius is seen in their writings, and their discourse is like flashes of lightning. This made *LUCIDOR* say, that they were fitter to make Poets and Orators, than Historians and Lawyers.

THERE is not however any country, where there are more Lawyers. Each family has its own at a yearly retaining fee; but this rather arises from a decided turn for chicanery, than from any natural disposition they have to the study of the law.

OUR Philosopher could not hear without shuddering the noise of the Court. It was an image of hell; so forced were the gestures and voices of the pleaders.

BUT how great was his surprize, when he saw such knots of Friars in every street. The *Dominicans* have eighteen convents of their order within the walls of the city, and there are

are reckoned upwards of three hundred *Franciscans* in a single convent, who plunder every body that passes by with a *God reward you*, and would have denounced REASON as a Heretic, had she only dared to say, that their number was too great.

ENTHUSIASM hearkens only to itself, and whatever it disapproves, is judged worthy of *anathemas*.

HE had an inclination to hear some of their Preachers, and it was worth his while. At once declaimers and pantomimes, they excite laughter and draw tears. A genius however is seen through burlesque expressions and thoughts.—It is a storm made up of darknesses and flashes of lightning.

THE architecture, overloaded with ornaments, wants that noble simplicity which characterizes good performances. To make amends for this, they were busied beyond bounds with what the ancients had done, and monuments of their knowledge are sought for even in the bowels of the earth. The excavations made at *Herculaneum* were a proof of this. They were daily drawing from the ruins of that city, formerly swallowed up by an eruption of *Mount-Vesuvius*, numberless curiosities, and the collection was preserved in some rooms of the Castle of *Portici*, destined for that use.

LUCIDOR examined them with the most exact attention. It was a sight worthy of him; but he was agreeably surpris'd, when, in several books of stamps, he saw the same pieces of painting and sculpture express'd stroke for stroke: an immortal work, worthy of CHARLES III. King of *Spain*, who ordered them to be begun, when he was King of *Naples*, and which his successor, his august son, has ordered to be continued, to the great satisfaction of the *Amateurs*.

SEVERAL celebrated authors were writing on different subjects, and their productions favoured of the soil: which made them of great value with people of a lively genius, while the more phlegmatic esteemed them little.—Men, both in their judgments and in their tastes, are often the dupe of their constitution.

LUCIDOR approved not the fanaticism of the *Neapolitans* for plays: REASON requires moderation in our pleasures. But he found the theatres quite beautiful: 'tis pity the pieces exhibited (except a few of *Metastasio*, which are acted from time to time) did not correspond to them. They were nothing but a heap of insipid episodes, or a tiffue of low wit. They were applauded from habit, and people laughed for want of something else to do.

HE went to several assemblies; they are majestic. He there heard with pleasure an

Im-

Improvisanta, that is to say, a young woman, who sung and composed songs at the same time on any subject that was given her. Those are often met with in *Italy*, who have that surprising facility, and who from the habit they have of composing off hand, will sometimes say very ingenious and pleasing things. This serves as a trade to them, unless their youth or beauty engage them in some other.

OUR Philosopher was sometimes invited to dinners, but he soon perceived that the talent of the *Neapolitans* did not lie in making entertainments. There was neither the order nor elegance that shine among the *French*.

HIS remonstrances to the Ministers that they would forbid begging, and order the livery-servants, especially the foot-men of the Court, to go no more to people's houses to raise contributions on strangers, had nearly taken effect, but the execution of that plan was stopt. Scarce is a person presented to the King of *Naples*, but he is beset by the household, who make him pay his welcome. His Majesty is a stranger to this practice, but it is proper he should know of it. How many reformations would be seen in all states, if the Sovereigns were properly informed of abuses.

IT was right that LUCIDOR should see the environs of *Naples*. They become interesting on account of the fine things *Virgil* has said of

them, and for their situation. He began by visiting the tomb of that immortal Poet, on which chance has very properly made a laurel grow. It is at some distance from the town, in a retired spot by itself.

FROM thence our traveller went to the banks of *Acheron*, and he remarked that that river, so frightful in *Virgil*, was no more than a pitiful small lake, which now frightened nobody. The *Elysians* fields, celebrated with so much pomp by the same Poet, appeared little better in his eyes than the banks of the *Loire*, and the cave of the *Cumean* sibyl an ordinary subterraneous place.—Objects embellished by poetry, are views to be seen only at a distance.

It is not the same with *Caserta*, that seat which the King of *Naples* justly looks on as the most magnificent palace in all *Europe*, and which is his whole delight. LUCIDOR examined it with a critical eye, and found not a fault in it. It is an assemblage of every beauty in a most fertile and agreeable spot. The statues, columns, aqueducts, trees in every shape, water in abundance, all contribute towards making it the abode of magnificence and pleasure.

HE passed through *Capua*, a city now as disagreeable, as it was delightful in the time of *Hannibal*, and he went on to *Rome* by the *Appian* road, which, in spite of the orange trees

trees and myrtles on each side, ruins the carriages and distresses the travellers. It is a heap of rubbish, precious remains indeed of the *Romans*, but which one would rather choose to have removed.

MONTE-CASSINO, that magnificent abbey, the nursery of near all the orders of Monks, displayed her riches to the eyes of LUCIDOR: but he was much better pleased to find virtues practised there.—Buildings too magnificent degrade Monks, instead of raising them.

THE road from *Monte-Cassino* to *Rome* occasioned our traveller to make several reflections on the power of those ancient *Romans*, who were masters of the world, and of whom no footsteps now remain, except on some monuments and in history.—The revolutions of the world are an inexhaustible fund of thought, when we bring together different ages and events.

THE *Italians* have a penetrating wit. They perceived LUCIDOR was not an ordinary man, and he let slip, as it were without design, some rays that dissipated their prejudices: this he was told by gentlemen, Monks, and even by the very workmen with whom he conversed. Their souls were enlightened in proportion to the length of the discourse he had with them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of ROME and its Inhabitants.

WHAT a spectacle for REASON was the capital of the whole world! LUCIDOR entered it with those sentiments of surprise and admiration which are felt at the sight of some *phenomenon*.

HIS looks remained long immoveably fixt on that superb building, which may be called the wonder of the universe. He replenished his mind and his memory with it, as with an object the most majestic and most interesting.

FROM St. PETER'S Church, wherein statuary and painting have displayed whatever they have most rare and striking in them, he passed to the *Vatican*, where he discovered new master-pieces of workmanship, but in such a profusion, that they tire one with looking at them. One beauty makes another forgotten: and nothing less than LUCIDOR'S eye could help a man to remember them.

HIS joy was compleat when he found himself in the midst of the Vatican Library. That was his element. All the books in the whole world are found collected there; and those who have the keeping of them, know the substance of them and their value. It is pity however

however so many rare and curious volumes should be locked up. Nothing is seen but vast book-cases, which must be opened, when you want to consult any work.

EVERY corner of *Rome* became an interesting object to our traveller. In a country, where every thing is valuable, nothing must be forgotten. He was seen at break of day, going about the streets, in the squares, the palaces, the churches and gardens, examining with attention whatever was most curious among the works of the ancients and the moderns. He analysed and compared them; and he carefully minuted his observations in a journal, to teach travellers how to travel.

AFTER some days spent in examining the material beauties, he applied himself to the consideration of the manners and laws of the inhabitants: that was his principal object.

THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF could not but draw his attention. Besides that REASON and Piety had united to place him in the chair of St. PETER, he every day gave new proofs of his wisdom and discernment.

HE was not an obstinate, inflexible Pope, who would defend his own privileges at the expence of the rights of Sovereign Princes; but a pacific conciliator, who prudently removed whatever served to keep up a misunderstanding, and became all to all.

LUCIDOR

LUCIDOR must necessarily therefore be the friend of the sage GANGANELLI. This was evident in the conversation they had together. They were of the same opinion with regard to the union that ought to reign between a Pope and the Sovereign Princes; with regard to the necessity of considering the power of the latter as derived from God alone; with regard to the obligation a POPE is under of letting some pretensions be forgotten, which serve only to provoke the Princes, and irritate their minds.—The world grows wiser, as it grows older.

WHEN the Pope opened himself, he shewed a policy equal to that of *Ximenes* and *Sixtus Quintus*, but which had the additional merit of knowing how to yield to the times.—An able Sovereign is like an experienced Seaman, he calculates what sail the ship will carry in a storm.

THE Cardinals, members of a body that has ever produced the greatest men, received our Philosopher with that gracious air, which is a stranger to all pride. He was surprised at their politeness, while he was edified with their virtues.

ONE of them, a man replete with good sense, whose mind had been as much enlightened by long experience, as by a strength of genius, took a particular friendship for LUCIDOR;

CIDOR;

“IDOR; and after some conversation on different subjects relative to the government of the country, he spoke thus to him:

“ You perhaps consider us as a set of simple men unworthy to succeed the old *Romans*. It is fit you should know, that there are men amongst us, who, in the most glorious days of *Rome*, would have merited the first dignities.

“ THE time is past, when the force of arms constituted the glory of this country; but are we to be esteemed the less, because we enjoy peace? True philosophy prefers quiet to all those battles, which destroy men, and shock humanity. We have no other defence besides our prudence; we put it on our heads like a helmet, and with it we elude, we temporize, and insensibly accomplish our ends at last.

“ EVERY thing is gained by gaining time. The world is full of events, which uninterruptedly succeed one another. A war breaks out, an alliance is formed, a death happens, and things take a new turn. The chapter of accidents hath drawn us out of a scrape in a thousand critical circumstances.

“ OUR Court moreover has one resource which the others have not. The Council of the Sovereign is composed of persons, who have filled different Nunciatures, and who
“ are

“are acquainted with the dispositions of the
“Princes, and the most proper means of con-
“ciliating their favour. Besides, we have
“people devoted to us every where, and who
“inform us of every thing.”

“A STATE,” continued the venerable old
man, “must never be considered as to what
“it has been, but as to what it is. The an-
“cient *Romans*, boasted of with so much em-
“phasis, would have behaved just as we do
“in the same situation. No people think of
“war, when the form of government keeps
“them from it; nor is any one less a great
“man, because he has not a lance in his hand.”

“I HAD rather have a wise head under a
“cowl, than a foolish one under a helmet. It
“is genius, not a shield, that makes the hero;
“it is of small consequence how a man be
“dressed, when he steers by REASON.”

“THE greater part of writers are inconsis-
“tent, and especially those of the present age.
“They cry out against wars, they talk of
“nothing but peace, and yet they ridicule
“those whose government is essentially pa-
“cific.”

“I KNOW ours has its defects, but are other
“nations more happy than we?”

“IT is impossible that a POPE, who has
“not been brought up to reign, and who is
“seldom chosen under sixty years of age,
“should

“ should have all the qualifications requisite in
“ one who is to govern. Taken up with what
“ is spiritual (and that is generally his first care)
“ he neglects, in spite of himself, temporal
“ concerns, which demand continual labour.
“ Old age, moreover, according to the ob-
“ servation of *Cicero*, is slow; no man forms
“ great enterprises, when he knows he has
“ not time enough to carry them into execu-
“ tion, or who is to be his successor.

“ THIS situation makes him seek his own
“ ease by trusting others, who, but too of-
“ ten, abuse the authority they enjoy; and
“ a POPE, like many other Princes, never
“ sees the truth, but when he reads the gos-
“ pel.

“ WE all of us see with grief, that idleness
“ is the misfortune of the country, that alms
“ are too abundant, and the taxes too few.
“ But a POPE, who has only a few days to
“ live, is afraid of rendering himself odious
“ (if he attempt a change) and of passing for
“ a man void of humanity. *Sixtus-Quintus*
“ is still blamed for his severity. It was how-
“ ever by his foresight that *Rome* was lately
“ preserved from famine. Two hundred years
“ after his death he saved the lives of his for-
“ mer subjects by the sums he wisely laid up.
“ —An able Politician is almost a Prophet.

“ALL this, Sir, may teach you, that we
“are not deficient in understanding or know-
“ledge. The greatest men always determine
“themselves by circumstances.”

OUR Philosopher himself could not have
spoken better. He was anticipated in all he
could have said, which proves the truth of
what the illustrious *Montesquieu* advanced,
viz. “that the modern *Romans* resembled very
“much the ancient; and that traces of the
“same genius were discoverable in them.”

IN fact, put but any questions to their chil-
dren; their answers astonish. They are no
longer stimulated by the ambition of becom-
ing a *Consul* or a *Dictator*, but by a passion for
the dignity of the *Cardinalate*, or even the
Papacy itself. No sum of money would in-
duce the poorest peasant's child to renounce
the expectation of those honours. The ex-
ample of *Sixtus-Quintus* is inculcated into their
minds from their tender infancy.

THE decorations and public rejoicing, of
which *LUCIDOR* was a witness, recalled no less
to his mind ancient *Rome*. He remarked in
them that majestic simplicity, which charac-
terizes true grandeur.—A frivolous people
knows only what is pretty; those nations that
are solid reject and despise it.

DURING almost eleven months, there are no
theatrical entertainments at *Rome*; this indicates

a pe-

a people that can converse. Their assemblies therefore are justly called *Conversations*. Company meets to discourse on different subjects; and though there be a couple of card-tables, they almost keep *incognito*.—A thing more wonderful than imitable.

LUCIDOR saw a multitude of Learned much taken up with the study of the Laws and of Antiquity. There are crowds of Monks or Friars and little Abbés, whom one would take for mere vegetable Beings; but they have a sparkling genius. They join a profound knowledge to great penetration of mind. The Canon-law, that science so necessary, and so little known except in *Italy*, fills up all their leisure time. The foundations of elevated views are laid at *Rome* from the earliest infancy: the Papacy is a spur to the mind. Hence the saying at *Rome*, that “the Cardinals would be more holy, did they not aim at being most holy.”*

THE ambitious know that at *Rome* there are several ways to arrive at the greatest dignities. These ways are represented by the names of the four great streets which terminate at the basilic of St. PETER. *Rosary-street* denotes the way those take, who are raised by devotion: *Gold-smiths-street* points out those, who have

* Non sono santi, perche vogliono essere santissimi.

gold, and can purchase: the *Papal-street* represents the method taken in order to promotion, by those who have the Pope's patronage, and that is the shortest street of all: that which is called *Longare*, is an image of the slowness with which those are promoted, who arrive at dignities only by the way of governments: it means lastly those places of small importance throughout the territory of St. PETER, where an Ecclesiastic is almost forgotten, unless he be a man of intrigue or eminent merit.

IT hurt our Philosopher to find that gold had a great ascendancy over the minds of the *Romans*. He calculated the amount of what *France* annually pays to *Rome* for bulls and dispensations, and his calculation, which may be called very exact, made it six hundred thousand livres,* and not millions, as the public, which always judges at random, imagines it to be. He concluded that it would be an advantage to *Rome* to receive nothing from foreign countries, for then the inhabitants would work, and trade would flourish. A people is never more miserable, than when they reckon on the aid of others for their subsistence.

MUCH was said to our stranger about the pasquinades made at different times; and he then owned, that the *Italians* and *French* alone

* About 26,250 l. sterling.

were capable of such productions. Other nations have neither the courage to be merry under their misfortunes, nor is their mind disposed to make a jest of the most afflicting and most serious subjects.

HE could not help telling the *Romans*, that they applied too immoderately to the study of antiquity. Their Libraries charmed and captivated him. The number of them in *Rome* increases with a luxury analogous to the country.—They are an object on which a Philosopher may be allowed to lay out his money.

OUR Philosopher was killed with *sonettos*. The *French* dare shew only two, knowing that species of poetry to be so very difficult, that scarce any succeed in it: the *Italians*, more bold, compose some every day, and on every occasion. It is the ordinary resource of every Poetaster. There is not a marriage, a profession of a Nun, or a festival that is not celebrated by some *sonettos*.

THE Academy of the *ARCADIANS* had some famous Poets, particularly the Abbé *STAYS*, who has immortalized himself by his two Latin poems. *LUCIDOR* read them on his journey, and could not lay them down.

THE Schools of the *SAPIENZA* (the *Sorbonne* of the *Romans*) shewed the admiring strangers the most distinguished Professors. There were perceptible footsteps of F. F. *LE SEUR*, and

JACQUIER, the two *French Minims*, who were an ornament to the *Sapienza* for several years, and whom the first Academies of *Europe* strove to have for associates.—They knew that no man is a Prophet in his own country.

LUCIDOR thought the ecclesiastical government too mild. Crimes are suffered to go unpunished, under the pretext that the church abhors the shedding of blood. Humanity undoubtedly requires that the life of man be spared; but were the laws more frequently put in execution in *Italy*, there would not be so many murders committed. As a pardon is easily obtained, villains privately stab an enemy as he goes by: which occasions the saying, that “the *Italians* take people behind, and are to “be mistrusted.”

Too abundant alms are another inconvenience: they keep up idleness: from May to September the working people sleep half the day. They moreover feed pride: nothing can be more insolent than a beggar in *Italy*, because he knows he cannot die of hunger. We find an instance of this in an answer one of them gave a Cardinal. His Eminence provoked at seeing a poor wretch fall prostrate at his feet to beg an alms, and only bend one knee, when the holy sacrament passed by, asked him the meaning of his behaviour. “The reason is,” said the poor wretch, “there
“is

"is no making a fool of him."* — The common people in *Italy* have the happiest repartees; they close the account on the spot.

THE neatness of the hospitals charmed LUCIDOR. Besides that there is only one in a bed (and that is certainly enough) all their wants are supplied to the utmost of their wishes. Foreigners, citizens, are all equally admitted. No other patronage or recommendation than infirmities are required to be received into them. — A fine lesson for the greatest part of those, who have the government of hospitals!

WHAT gave our traveller concern, was to see ROME so depopulated. The number of inhabitants are reckoned only at an hundred and fifty thousand souls, though the extent of it be little short of that of *Paris*; but the carriages there are so numerous, as to cause a deal of luxury and noise. People fast there in order to purchase horses; and the servants are partly maintained by the contributions raised on strangers: contributions however much more tolerable than *formerly* those of *England*, where the footmen made you pay for the dinner you eat with the master. — No country on earth is totally free of monopolists.

LUCIDOR wanted to see, if the Priests and Prelates went to the theatres, as is reported of them; and he found that most of those, who are called *Prelati*, so far from ever hav-

* *Questo non si burla.*

ing been promoted to the episcopal dignity, had not even been tonsured; and that the pretended Priests, had only the dress of that order of men, being no more than Solicitors, Notaries, and Attorneys; and that the women seen in their company, were their daughters and wives. —We always form a wrong judgment of things, when we judge from a single glance.

THE unknown stranger was constantly invited to take a dish of chocolate: the *Romans* know no other mode of entertainment. They love dainties abroad, but are temperate at home: they eat only to live. This is perfectly of a piece with their oeconomy, which allows not even the most rich to have their immense palaces lighted, nor to carry a torch with them, when they go out in the evening in their carriages: you perceive amidst their numerous retinue nothing but a glimmering light, fitter to form shades, than let you see. —The manner of properly employing money is as rare as are the means of getting it; for charity will not allow us to think, that the *Romans* shun the light, the better to conceal their conduct.

THE MOUNT OF PIETY, or the charitable fund, an establishment designed to prevent usury, and to receive the pledges of such as want money, pleased our traveller very much. He wished the same resource established in all great

great cities. By this means Usurers are prevented from enriching themselves at the expence of the public, and individuals run no risk of loosing their property.—How many establishments yet are wanting!

A JEWISH Synagogue in the midst of ROME, where that people are allowed the full exercise of their religion, was another object that merited his attention. It appeared to him something inconceivable, that the *Jews* should be persecuted in *Portugal*, under the pretext of avenging Christianity, while they were allowed perfect liberty in the very capital of the christian world. Had all the inquisitions taken that of ROME for their model, we had never seen so many victims slaughtered, nor such an insult thereby offered to religion, which is mildness and charity itself.—Men, but too often, mistake their passions for the voice of God.

HE often walked in those enchanting gardens, which surround the town, and are very improperly called *Vine-yards*, because they are called *Villas* in *Italian*, as nothing is to be seen in them besides trees and statues. The *Romans* know no other airing than what they take in their carriages, and in the middle of the streets. They love to be honoured by salutations perpetually repeated; and it is thus people are the dupes of pride.

IT

IT is only in the summer-nights, that the Grandees of ROME (to make amends for the constraint and heat of the day) take any pleasure in walking a foot. Then persons of the greatest quality, without any distinction of sex, or any other dress, than a light dishabille, go all about the town, and take a pleasure in hearkening to the music and voices of several *Virtuosi*.

MUSIC is a fifth element to the *Italians*: they are no less fond of it than of the air they breathe; and it must be owned that it gives a soul even to such as have none, and that all other music, in comparison of theirs, is meagre and without energy.

BUT it is not by forming artificial voices, or committing an outrage against human nature, that the *Romans* will ever do themselves honour for their taste for harmony. Art ought to copy nature, and not mutilate it. The Holy Father has therefore covered himself with glory by proscribing so barbarous a custom.

LUCIDOR had often been told, that debauchery was carried to the greatest excess at ROME, and that the Pope tolerated public stews, and raised a tax on them. But upon examination he was convinced of the absolute falsehood of what is imputed to the Pope; for except a few miserable prostitutes, who were confined to
a pri-

a private quarter of the town, as unworthy to be among the rest of the citizens, there is not a public stew in all ROME, and the above-mentioned wretches are so poor, that it would be impossible for them to pay any thing.—Most histories generally contain more falsehoods than truths.

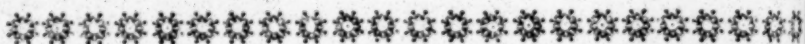
LUCIDOR was all along surpris'd to see even the most considerable cities of *Italy* without any watchmen or lamps. “This people cannot,” said he, “be so wicked as they are reported to be, otherwise there would be robberies and murders committed every night.”—*Paris*, left to itself, would be the theatre of the greatest horrors.

ON his journey to FRESCATI and TIVOLI, those places so delightful for their enchanting buildings and situation, he visited several *Roman* Ladies, and was no less charmed with their conversation than with their behaviour. He found them well educated without being learned, stately without being vain, talkative without being chattering, merry without being frivolous. Those among them that were given to gallantry, without wishing to appear as such, carried on an intrigue with the greatest secrecy, and were as much interested in it, as if it had been an affair of state.

THE country he pass'd through, wore the mournful marks of depopulation and sloth.

It

It published aloud to every traveller, “ that
 “ the Pope had too many Monks and Friars
 “ in his territories; that to bring Agriculture
 “ into repute, it was necessary to retrench the
 “ number of those people, and to be content
 “ with raising some taxes on the Labourer
 “ and the Artificer. Taxes are a spur to the
 “ slothful, and oblige them to work. The
 “ *Italians* themselves own all this, and especi-
 “ ally what regards the Monks and Friars.



CHAPTER XIX.

Of the REPUBLIC *of* ST. MARINO.

ALTHOUGH this small country seems to keep *incognito*, and is no more than a point in the vast extent of *Europe*, we think ourselves obliged to distinguish it by a particular chapter, as the asylum of happiness, and as having merited a visit from, and the suffrages of, REASON.—The smallest boxes often contain the sweetest perfumes.

LUCIDOR made some stay to taste plentifully of the calm and tranquillity enjoyed there, which it owes to the small number of inhabitants, who compose that state, and to the protection granted it by the Pope.

It

IT is on these two accounts, that the Republic of St. MARINO neither knows the profusions of luxury, the horrors of vice, the ravages of war, nor the phrenzies of ambition.

CONTENT with its small territory, which is only of a few leagues extent, it seeks neither to raise or aggrandize itself. Its subjects, governed by Sages, at the head of whom is a sort of *Doge*, called the *Gonfalonier*, and who is changed every two months, live between indigence and opulence, in a state of tranquillity, which has something heavenly in it.

IT was thus a Gentleman spoke to LUCIDOR to engage him to stay with them.

“LOVELY stranger,” said he, “we have
“only just had a sight of you, and we al-
“ready most ardently desire to fix you in this
“country. We feel that you were born to
“live in it. You will find here neither
“those fortresses, nor castles, nor large estates
“which form kingdoms; but we enjoy the
“same stars and the same sun that enlighten
“the most extensive empires. This country
“is never alarmed with the beating of drums,
“nor the roaring of cannon. This land has
“never been dyed with any other blood, but
“that of lambs, nor have we ever seen our
“crops destroyed by the incursions of an ene-
“my. It is still here with us the golden age,
L “while

“ while almost all other countries experience
“ an iron one.

“ You have too much discernment, amiable
“ stranger, for us to apprehend that a life like
“ ours should appear to you insipid. Instead
“ of that ambition, which torments the rest
“ of mankind, we feel a noble emulation,
“ which rouses us without disturbing our
“ peace. Some aspire to employments in
“ the Republic, by endeavouring to deserve
“ them; others signalise themselves by their
“ different labours; and the very Peasant
“ strives to out-do his neighbour in fertilising
“ his little spot, because the government takes
“ care to distribute rewards according to its
“ revenue, which are small indeed, but pro-
“ portionate to our desires.—Mediocrity is the
“ finest patrimony.

“ WE find great riches in our oeconomy;
“ neither show nor fashions impair our pos-
“ sessions, and we pay no taxes, but on ur-
“ gent occasions.

“ WERE we protected by a power exposed
“ to war, we should be forced to take up
“ arms whenever it might please that power
“ to go to war; but the Sovereign who places
“ us under the shadow of his wings, is the
“ Prince of Peace.

“ FRIENDSHIP, that virtue so rare, is the
“ delight of our citizens. They know the
“ value

“value of it, they experience its sweets, and
“there is only one heart and one soul amongst
“us.”

WE may easily presume how much our Philosopher was affected with this discourse. He turned his mind entirely to the consideration of the manners of the country, and he saw wives adorned with modesty, husbands taken up with making them happy, young people discreet and unaffected, workmen honest, and every one content with his lot.

HE was often invited to dinner, and he ever found himself seated between candour and cheerfulness. Every one was at his ease, because no one pretended to any thing. Opportunities introduced wit, it was not hunted after, and a good heart furnished the expence.

LUCIDOR quitted the Republic of ST. MARINO only in appearance, for it is a country, where REASON has long governed.

HE went through all the towns of the Ecclesiastical State, and made his observations on each. He judged that ANCONA might carry on a still more considerable commerce; that RIMINI lost half its merit by encouraging idleness; that the bursting out of the waters, which every year overflow the level parts of the *Bolognese*, demanded a body of Engineers, bridges, and raised causeways, like those in *France*; and that without the like resource

the torrents would never be stopped.—There are certain establishments of more worth than treasures.



CHAPTER XX.

Of TUSCANY.

FLORENCE, that enchanting city, which, according to the reflection of a *Portuguese* enraptured with its elegance and beauties, ought to be shewn only on Sundays, received our Philosopher with great marks of distinction. The *Florentines* are extremely polite, though their manner of pronouncing the *Italian* has something clownish in it.

THEY shewed him all their riches, that is to say, the most exquisite productions of art.

THE Gallery of the Palace of the Grand Duke contains the scarcest treasures in natural history, in vases, jewels, medals, pictures, and statues. There are seen the portraits of the most eminent Painters, all done with their own hands, and reckoned among the masterpieces of workmanship.

THE Chapel of St. *Lawrence*, magnificent for its marbles and mausoleums, seemed still more beautiful under the eyes of *LUCIDOR*; and the Library, which consists entirely of scarce manu-

Florence.

of REASON.

113

manuscripts, seemed to have been formed for him alone.

THERE are certain objects from which neither the soul nor the eyes can turn aside; of this nature are the rarities collected by the *Medicis*, who, without any considerable revenue and extensive territory, found out the secret of collecting whatever was most valuable in the four quarters of the world, and of becoming the restorers of the arts and sciences.—Every thing may be done by a Prince who knows how to reign.

AMONG the medals so necessary to ascertain history, he saw a golden *sequin*, which relates to it. The piece was of the value of eleven livres, on which were read these words: *Jesus Christus primus Rex Florentinorum*.* It had been struck at the time, when the *Florentines*, not able to agree in the choice of a Chief, had chosen the Saviour of mankind for their Sovereign. But this lasted only for a few days, as they apprehended that the Ecclesiastics would be for reigning in the place of God, and that FLORENCE would insensibly fall under the government of the Clergy.

THE Mausoleums of MICHEL-ANGELO and GALILÆO, which face one another, were examined by our respectable traveller. Such

* *Jesus Christ first King of the Florentines.*

monuments escape not the sight of a man of reading. On the tomb of *Galilæo*, who was ridiculously blamed by the Inquisition for too seriously maintaining that the sun stood still, and that the earth turned round, was the following inscription: *Terra gyrat, Galilæus stat.**

THE Literati of *Florence* were eager to enjoy the company of LUCIDOR; he found them worthy of the career they were running. He was grieved that the Abbé LAMI, so well known for his periodical sheets and his erudition, had been just snatched away by death. He was shewn several of his manuscripts, but they were no more than sketches.—The learned always die too soon.

THE Ladies also would have our Philosopher's company. He went to their assemblies, and if they appeared to him less lively, though more solid than those of *Venice*, it was because nature every where makes some compensation. They talked much of books and authors; it is a subject very agreeable to the *Italian* Ladies, though more to some than to others; and every man, who is a writer, has a share in their esteem. This is an encouragement to talents, whereas every where else a gamester is preferred to an author.

OUR Philosopher was taken to the Coffee-house. It is a place frequented by the Nobility

* The earth moves round, and Galilæo stands still.

in *Italy*, and even by the Ladies themselves, though without quitting their carriages. They order refreshments to be brought them, and the Gentlemen pay their court to them.

LUCIDOR observed that a stranger coming to the Coffee-house, always met with a civil reception. The *Italian*, very different from the *Englishman*, is very communicative, as he knows neither distrust nor taciturnity. He addresses himself first to strangers, he asks them questions, and very often makes an offer of his service, either to shew them, or point out to them whatever is most curious. He was informed, that there was always a nest of Freethinkers at *Florence*, but they kept concealed.

HE could have wished that the *Florentines* had been a little more active, and less verbose. —A man generally lays himself open, when he talks too much.

The GRAND-DUKE cast a new lustre on *Florence* by his virtues. Cities acquire a new birth, when so happy as to have a magnanimous Prince. On his birth-day a magnificent firework was played off, which greatly pleased our traveller, though only a miniature of what he had seen at *Rome*.—The *Italians* are masters of fireworks.

SIENNA, a delightful abode for the purity of the air, and the agreeable manners of the inha-

inhabitants, was to LUCIDOR a terrestrial paradise. He took a pleasure in hearing the inhabitants talk, similar to that which is felt in hearing a magnificent discourse. The *Italian* tongue becomes, on their lips, a honeycomb dropping sweetness. The Gentlemen had learning.—The cultivation of literature illustrates Nobility.

THE people of *Sienna* are not rich, nor does the want of riches make them uneasy: they are content with a little; but that hurts emulation. LUCIDOR spoke his mind freely respecting a certain softness, which prevailed among the inhabitants. The *Manege* or Riding Academy is almost deserted: a dread of fatigue prevents all exercise.

THE Cathedral, which is the most magnificent Gothic building in all *Europe*, is not the only antiquity there. The women, on account of the salubrity of the air, grow old without perceiving it.—Their assemblies are a collection of ages.

PISA, a sleepy town notwithstanding its agreeable situation, has nevertheless celebrated Schools and able Professors. LUCIDOR could have wished to have brought the Prelate CERATI to life again. He had unhappily ceased to live, without consigning to any writing either the history of his travels, or a thousand curious anecdotes, which rendered him the most

most interesting companion in the whole world. —A man of learning ought to contrive things so, as never to more than half-die.

THE *Organ* of *Pisa* charmed the ears of our Philosopher; and it is the more admirable, as the *Italians*, by a ridiculous piece of folly, affect not to know the beauty of that instrument. The Organist, as bold as he was delicate, drew from it the most harmonious and varied sounds. One thought he heard every kind of melody, that exists in the universe; the purling of waters, the notes of birds, the beating of the drum, and even the rattling of thunder.

THE *hanging Tower*, which every moment seems to be ready to fall, and is no more than a trick of the Architect, fixt the attention of LUCIDOR.—There are works of art, which ought to be respected both for their own sakes, and that of the artists.

THE *Campo-Sancto*, the common burying-place, is of that kind. It inspires one with a wish to be interred there. The roads of *Tuscany*, which appear, as if made for so many alleys to walk in, led our Philosopher insensibly to the most delightful baths. Every thing in them announced elegance and neatness; a thing the more rare, as the *Italians*, though successors to the *Romans*, are strangers to the pleasure of bathing. Public baths are no where found

found but in the neighbourhood of *Pisa*, and they are only for the sick.—Time often abolishes the best customs and practices.



CHAPTER XXI.

Of LUCCA.

THIS City, remarkable only for its ramparts, parts, forms, excepting a few small villages, the whole of the Republic. LUCIDOR would have been tired there, did REASON know what it was to be tired.

THE government is mild, but the people are too sharp. If they apply their mind to the sciences, they apply them still more to intrigue and chicanery.—They are called the *Normans of Italy*.

NUMBERS of forbidden books are privately printed at *Lucca*, a proceeding our Philosophers could not approve of. Contraband of every kind has something odious in it, for we dare not suspect an agreement between the Magistrates and the Printers.—The more atrocious the nature of a crime is, the less it ought to be believed.

IN spite of the poverty of the country, the people there were for giving themselves the

airs of great towns, but they could only half-do it.—Whatever is affected, is always ridiculous.

OUR traveller visited some of the Monks, and found them men of great reading. It is a wise practice to choose Bishops from out of the cloisters. By that means the Monks study, and their convents are no longer an asylum of idleness and sloth, as they are found to be in all those countries, where the Monastic Order is not honoured.

LUCCA is depopulated, because all, who have talents or ambition, leave so contracted a spot to disperse themselves over *Italy*. *Rome* is full of *Lucceses*. They had rather die, than be forgotten.



CHAPTER XXII.

Of the DUCHIES of PARMA and PLACENTIA.

THIS Country, as beautiful as it is fertile, ceased not to captivate our traveller. After having seen, with an agreeable surprise, the most smiling and best cultivated fields, he considered *Parma* as an abode, where a mixture of *Italians*, *Spaniards*, *French*, and *Germans* was a restraint on company.—There was much less frankness than jealousy among them.

THE

THE Sovereign however was a center, which by its excellent qualities united all hearts. The wise lessons he had received from the best masters, had rendered him as affable as enlightened.—A Prince finds a treasure, when he finds good instructors, and especially men that will not flatter.

THE College of *Parma* met with great approbation; the arts and sciences are seen to flourish there.

THE great room for theatrical entertainments presented an immense empty space, that is never filled. It is capable of containing fourteen thousand people on the seats that are round it, and above a hundred horses, according to the *Italian* fashion, may be on the stage. The pit is filled with water, at pleasure, six foot deep, and thereon are seen gondolas floating: but this room is never made use of, except on grand occasions: there is a little theatre to supply its place.

They had just lost the Abbé FRUGONI, famous for his different pieces of poetry, and it was scarce foreseen how he would be replaced. The *Parmesans* have the fault of their country: they are often slothful. They content themselves with reading some fashionable pamphlets, which a *French* Bookseller introduces into vogue, but never arrive at composition.—Perhaps they are the wiser for it.

THE Nobility appeared in LUCIDOR's eyes to be rather poor, as in reality they were. Gaming consequently is very moderate, as a reserve must be made to buy some baubles that come from *Paris*.—It is the *ton*.

COLORNO, the residence of the Prince, deserves to be seen by a stranger. Our traveller only just passed through it; a single glance of an eye like his, immediately lays hold of whatever is worth seeing.

HE had twice some discourse with M. DU TILLOT, the Minister, which he minuted down, as deserving an honourable remembrance.

PLACENTIA appeared to him more worthy of being the abode of the Sovereign than *Parma*, as it is well built and much better situated. The intercourse with the *Placentians* is agreeable, but they confine all their wit to company. They have an aptitude for the sciences, like the rest of the *Italians*, but want courage to apply to them.—Some men are as much afraid of study, as others are of fire.

LUCIDOR was resolved to see the Nuns here, to assure himself if they really had as much liberty as they are said to enjoy. He saw them keep inclosure, as they do every where else, and was sensible that the accounts given of them were merely the sports of malice.—Calumny has more historians than truth.

THE riches of the country consist in its pastures: the flocks are fat: the cheese excellent. The smallest huts were plentifully supplied with it.

NOTHING can be wiser than the manner of laying on the taxes, which are in proportion to three sorts of land, good, middling and bad; and this is known from the nature of the soil and its produce.—The first point in the administration of a state, is to know how to lay on taxes in a proper manner.



CHAPTER XXIII.

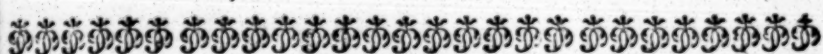
Of the DUTCHY of MODENA.

THIS Dutchy could not escape the watchful eye of an intelligent traveller. He soon became acquainted with their manners and laws. There is little stir in the country, except during the fair of *Reggio*, but you pay for your living. The military might be more considered: too great respect cannot be shewn to those who are the pillars of the state.

MODENA has all along had some men of erudition since the celebrated *Muratori*, who diffused a love for the sciences throughout the country, and brought the learned into repute. But these are Monks, whose company can be
but

but little enjoyed in public: you must go and find them out buried in their Cloisters.

THE absence of the Sovereign, who spends his days at *Milan*, is very detrimental to the *Modenese*.—A state without a head, is a body without life.



CHAPTER XXIV.

Of the MILANESE.

THE Country which forms the *Milaneſe* is a sight to a traveller; a country divided by a thousand rivulets, and where rice seems to take a pleasure in growing.—There are certain lands, which corn, as well as plants, seem particularly to like.

THE Church of MILAN, an immense building, decorated on the outside with above six thousand figures of marble, elevated the soul of LUCIDOR. He viewed the inside and the top of it with those sensations a person feels at the sight of whatever is singularly beautiful.

THE City, though irregularly built, presents objects which force admiration; such are the hospital, and the general burying ground, *magnificent* both for their buildings

and extent, if so pompous an epithet may be given to such mournful abodes. This has given occasion to the joke, that to enjoy perfectly the beauties of *Milan*, a man ought to fall sick, and be buried there.

PEOPLE however live there very well with respect to eating and society; the manners are absolutely *French*. There are suppers every day, which are what may be called *phænomena* in *Italy*.

THE Nobility may indulge expence, they are rich; though a little less grandeur would do better for the country. It is inconceivable how much misery luxury draws after it.

THE women have every talent that can please, wit, sprightliness, and the *ton* of the best company. There are also to be found amongst them women of great learning, whose names are well known.

As to the men they apply less to the sciences than to commerce: the city is in a more flourishing condition on that account: erudition never diffuses abundance. If any read, it is because young people dare not appear at *Vienna* without having at least some tincture of jurisprudence and literature. It is a happy thing to live under Sovereigns, who require merit in their subjects. This was what LUCIDOR remarked to be the case at *Milan*, at the same time that he did not neglect to give
a glance

a glance at the administration of the country. He looked on it to be very wise. The people were happy, and that is all those who govern ought to propose to themselves.

THE fondness of the people of *Milan* for a number of servants and horses is inconceivable. There are some private families that keep six running footmen. The best are known to come from *Milan*, as the best Harlequins come from *Bergamo*, and the best Pantaloons from *Venice*.

THE *Ambrosian Library*, famous for its fine collection of books, employed our traveller for some days. He found there some valuable works, from which he made extracts, thus teaching all travellers the excellency of that method.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP would see the travelling Philosopher: no sympathy can be greater than that which subsists between good sense and REASON. Moreover all the Bishops of *Italy* have a pleasing simplicity of manners. They are strangers to pomp and pride, and their palaces are ever open to science and merit. Residence they look on as an essential duty; as they do also to refrain from gaming, and feasting, and to live, in a word, like honest Parish-priests.

THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS are in too great repute to have escaped the curiosity of LU-

CIDOR: placed in the midst of a delightful lake, intersected with canals and groves, every one ornamented with *Casinos* each more elegant than another, they look like the abode of the Fairies. He there abandoned himself to the most pleasing reveries, and sighed to consider that the noise and hurry of the town should be preferred to the amiable silence and quiet we enjoy in the country. The day seconded his reflections. The sun was veiled, and the wind put in motion the grass of the meads, which formed those undulations, the quickness of whose motions was a natural representation of our inconstancy and passions. He admired the industry of the inhabitants, who, in order to have good weather, run about every where selling barometres. He got to SWITZERLAND, after having made the elogium of *Milan*: but he whispered some of his friends, that the Monks were too magnificently lodged; that neither their rule, nor religion itself approved of that ridiculous sumptuousness; and that the founders of religious orders, who had no other riches than their virtues, never imagined that their *Lauras* would ever be metamorphosed into palaces.

HE visited CREMONA and MANTUA, and remarked that almost the same genius reigned in those two cities, viz. an *Italian* familiarity and a *German* haughtiness. *Cremona* is famous
for

for its excellent fiddles.—There is no country, which enjoys not some advantage.



CHAPTER XXV.

Of SWITZERLAND.

THE happiness of the people, who compose the thirteen Cantons (the effect of the mildness and wisdom of their government) could not but be pleasing to REASON; it was its own work: nothing was wanting but a little more harmony among those entrusted with the administration, and that the dissensions, which still afflict GENEVA, though not so public as heretofore, were entirely extinguished.

FAR from blaming the conduct of the *Swiss*, who quit their own country to engage in the service of different foreign powers, LUCIDOR considered that step as the effect of sound policy in them. By that means they save their country, and are suffered to live in peace; whereas, did they confine their forces and citizens at home, they would be attacked on every side, and each power would seize on some parcel of their possessions.

THE culture of their lands, the ease in which their husbandmen live, form so many objects

objects worthy of envy. Luxury and libertinism were absolutely banished the country. Manners were what they wished for.—Debauchery is a malignant fever that consumes a state.

FAR from finding among the *Swiss* that clownish simplicity, which is attributed to them, he admired their good sense. They shewed they had men of great learning among them, and very capable of writing on all subjects. Add to this, Libraries, Booksellers, and Printers; so many indications of a love for the sciences and a taste for labour.

THERE are Colleges, where are found more advantages than inconveniencies, though they still stand in need of a further reformation in some particulars. Foreign Noblemen, even Sovereign Princes from *Germany*, come thither to learn their exercises, and take lessons.—A good education is never purchased at too high a price.

THE company LUCIDOR frequented, was never broken up to go to the Play-house; but the men were seldom found in a party with the women. The latter however, open and modest, deserve that their company should be sought after. If they are less taken up with literature than housewifery, they are the more to be valued on that account. They know how to inspire their children with that filial respect,

respect, so rare in our age.—Simplicity of manners is the mother of good morals.

A SOLITARY, who had retired to the mountains, got a sight of LUCIDOR; he quitted his retreat to converse with him, whether he knew at first that it was REASON, or that he was struck with his appearance, which was equally agreeable and majestic.

“I come to you, Sir,” said he, “as to a person who does not seem to me to be an ordinary traveller; and I come to ask you, if you approve solitude. I have lived in this hermitage fourscore and two years (he was a hundred and thirteen years of age) without any other acquaintance but myself, without any company but the trees that surround me, without any other sight but that of the stars which enlighten the universe.

“I HAVE no intercourse but with heaven, which I wish for; with death, which I expect; with my soul, which I interrogate; with the echoes, which I make speak.

“I HAVE got rid of my passions from thirty years of age, by tiring them out with labour and reflection.

“WHEN tired with being alone, my imagination carried me through every part of the world, and my memory recalled every friend I had, in so lively a manner, that I thought I saw them before my eyes.

“IF,

“ IF, perchance, the thought of living at a distance from any town frightened me, I recollected that I had a body to pay all, in case I should be murdered; but that no one could lay hold on my soul: and that gave me spirits. Sicknefs never durst attack me, for I was ever laborious and frugal.

“ I do not think that the pleasures of Kings who are said to be the greatest and happiest of men, are so pure as mine. Mine I have gathered in my own soul: that is the field where I have sown all my satisfactions. Every other joy is a borrowed pleasure; my happiness is my own property.

“ THIS is the sum of my Philosophy: you may find it written on the trees, the walls and every part of this abode.”

HE had the curiosity to go in, pleased with having found a sage of his own turn. He answered him, that “ a solitary life was excellent only in proportion to the good use made of it, but that scarce any body knew how to make a good use of it. He agreed that it purified and elevated the soul, and that to keep at a proper distance from the world, was acting the part of a true Philosopher.”

AFTER mutual and tender embraces, the one resumed his silence, the other continued his journey.

LUCIDOR

LUCIDOR observed, that a different genius prevailed in the different Cantons into which *Switzerland* is divided. Some more lively; others more phlegmatic; these more silent, those greater talkers, shewed that the mode of government had great influence over the dispositions of men; for the climate was every where the same.

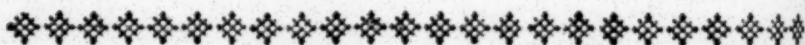
HE stayed some time at LAUSANNE, where he enjoyed the good company of several very sensible Booksellers.

GENEVA pleased him for the order maintained in that city. The vigilance of the Magistrates extends to every particular, and the whole city is governed like a private family; the Inns alone are neglected, for want of moderating the excessive prices that are extorted from strangers. This is the practice of all small states: they make people pay handsomely for the honour of visiting them.

HE heard much talk about the celebrated *John-James Rousseau*; some spoke of him with enthusiasm, others with indignation. A man who writes paradoxes, astonishes every body. Whatever is extraordinary either in the thoughts, or in the manner of expressing them, pleases: but it is a phrensy of short continuance. Truth resumes its rights, and a wonderful book, which seemed to have been immortal, is insensibly forgotten.

LUCIDOR

LUCIDOR turned out of his road on purpose to visit the author of the *Henriade*; and after having accosted him as an old acquaintance, and civilly reproached him with not having always hearkened to him, and for having sometimes gone beyond his province, he assured him, in the strongest terms, how much he esteemed his sublime talents, and how great a pleasure it would be to see him enjoy for many years the fruit of his labours.—REASON judges without partiality; it is a stranger to cabals and prepossession.



CHAPTER XXVI.

Of SAVOY.

THIS small country, filled with inhabitants excessively fond of labour, who find in their own industry means of keeping off poverty, excites the admiration of travellers. It was there LUCIDOR found the candour of the first age, and that sincerity so requisite in the commerce of life.

THE fields appeared to him the best book written on husbandry. There is not a single corner of land uncultivated; but though it be often the best way to follow the old practices,

the

the people there were too much slaves to a long-established method of cultivation.—Improvements are always necessary, when governed by experience.

THE more frequently he was told of children quitting their parents to seek bread for them in other countries, the more he cried out: “Happy the people, that has not yet been spoiled by the corruption of the age! Their simplicity of manners is a thousand times preferable to all the refinements of wit.”

AFTER he had maturely considered what might be the source of that fidelity which characterizes the *Savoyards*, he found that it sprung from their attachment to religion: they are rigid observers of it.—It is the best method of making a man continue honest.

HE took it into his head to enter a sort of a cottage, the outsidess of which formed a most agreeable garden. It was inhabited by a widow-woman, who had a daughter decked out with her own modesty, and three boys at *Paris*, who annually sent her a subsistence.

“They follow” (said she with a natural simplicity that cannot be expressed) “all sorts of trades, less on their own account than on mine. They descend to the meanest employments, to shew how much they are indebted to me, and how much they cost me.”

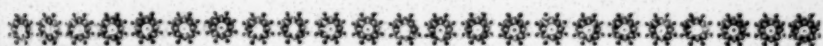
“It is the effect of the fear of God with
“which I inspired them. They would become
“libertines, if they had no religion; and I
“should every moment dread hearing some
“bad account of them; whereas I am now
“quite easy with respect to them.”

CHAMBERY, the capital, the buildings and situation of which are equally bad, was however a very delightful place for LUCIDOR. The inhabitants live in the most perfect union with one another: and they never entertain a thought that riches are necessary to happiness, or that plays are requisite to prevent the evenings from being tiresome. Visits are paid with an air of ease, wherever there is neither pride nor show: luxury is the bane of societies: people would rather choose not to entertain their friends at all, than to set them down to a table, that is not decked out in the greatest symmetry.

LUCIDOR would dine with a Philosopher, who had lived on fruit alone for upwards of forty years, and by that regimen had found out the means of recovering his health. He eats them sometimes raw, and sometimes dressed; and as grapes are a fruit, he drinks excellent wine. The Senate received him with great marks of distinction, which was a proof of their sagacity.

ALL

ALL the small towns of *Savoy* were analysed in a manner that would do honour to the inhabitants, if they were fond of reading. In other places people read too much, there they read not enough. The men know only how to play at some small games, the women how to chat with one another. The soul makes no great progress, when it is confined to those two objects.—But there are always some who distinguish themselves from the crowd, especially among the Gentlemen.



CHAPTER XXVII.

Of PIEDMONT.

THE passage of the *Alps*, which frightens only those, who have never been over them, filled the head of LUCIDOR with the remembrance of a thousand things, as extraordinary as interesting. He ceased not recalling to mind that innumerable multitude of armies, which, in different ages, have climbed those lofty mountains, and covered them with blood and slaughter. One while the *Romans*, then the *Gauls* presented themselves to his view, and exhibited to his mind the frightful picture of the different catastrophes of life.

OUR traveller did not fail to admire the lake filled with trouts, which is on the very summit of the *Alps*, and that enamel of flowers which embellishes them.

HE saw SUZA, famous for several remarkable events, as well as for being the burial-place of *John Caraccioli*, Marechal of *France*; and soon did TURIN, strongly defended by those mountains, which heaven has given it for ramparts, become the object of his curiosity.

HIS understanding served him for a telescope to make his observations every where, and the laws, manners, usages of the country were laid open to him in the clearest manner.

HIS connexions with the King of *Sardinia*, whose compass and rule he had ever been, merited him the most gracious reception from that Monarch.—REASON has many claims on the souls of great Princes.

LUCIDOR saw, with a joy beyond expression, that this Prince, pious without bigotry, frugal without avarice, just without severity, good-natured without familiarity, fulfilled in the most exact manner every duty of royalty; that he shewed the same greatness of soul in the bosom of peace, as he had displayed in the midst of war, and had the singular happiness of being reproduced in his august son, who represented him in every feature.

LUCIDOR

LUCIDOR perceiving one evening that the King received, in the most gracious manner, all those who had any petitions to present to him, could not help crying out: "Here is my triumph, here is the conduct with which I inspire Sovereigns. They are great only in proportion to the degree of popularity they enjoy; and it is by repeated acts of beneficence that they shew themselves the fathers of their subjects."

THE Throne of CHARLES EMMANUEL was equally accessible to the small as to the great. It was not seen surrounded with those sentinels that drive back indigence and misery. LUCIDOR expected to see the Monarch eat in public, according to the custom of other Sovereign Princes; but the King of *Sardinia* concentrates himself in his own august family, and appears not in public, but when necessary.

HE enriches neither his Ministers nor his Financiers; nor is he served the worse on that account. His watchfulness extends to every age and to every condition.

THE military profession enjoys under his auspices the consideration it deserves, though promotions go on slowly. It is a clock, whose hours strike truly, but will not favour any one with a single minute.—Order preserves equity.

THE Clergy are respected, but have no share in the management of state-affairs; and even the Lord High Almoner has not so much as an apartment at Court.—The fewer people there are about Sovereigns, the fewer are the opposite interests, and the fewer the cabals.

TURIN, that regular built city, but which suffers considerably from heat and cold, looks like an abode of Convalescents. The inhabitants go to bed in good time, they rise late, and make no noise. The King's garden is laid out like that of the *Palais Royal*.*

THE natives of PIEDMONT are a very sensible people; but as their language is a provincial mixture of *French* and *Italian*, they do not appear what they really are.—There can be no true elocution without a determinate and fixt language.

THEY are accused of being rather too fond of games of hazard, and the accusation is grounded. They often meet in private to venture their fortune on a card or the throw of a die: an evil the more dangerous, as it is not in the power of the Police to hinder it.

THIS tiresome relaxation is, beyond a doubt, highly prejudicial to learning. Gamesters are not fonder of study than they are of conversation. There are however men of learning at *Turin*, revered by *Italy* and known to *Europe*.

* At *Paris*.

They even employ themselves with success on the grand questions of natural philosophy.

THE celebrated GERDIL, a *Barnabite* Monk, and Preceptor to the Prince of *Piedmont*, here presents himself as a personage, who has cast a lustre on *Savoy*, from whence he came, and as one who unites the most extensive and sublime knowledge with the greatest modesty. He kept LUCIDOR company during his stay at *Turin*.—REASON takes a pleasure in making a proper choice of company.

THE University peoples the country with men of abilities, although a still farther reformation might be made in the manner of teaching. The method in most Colleges is vitious: besides going the longest way about, useless questions are suffered to be started, which ought to be entirely retrenched. Studies are labyrinths, unless pains be taken to render them plain and easy.

THE attention of the government to keep out of *Piedmont* the number of pitiful publications, that amuse superficial minds, but are an insult to REASON, afforded a real pleasure to our Philosopher. Books are not a thing indifferent in the commerce of life; they make men what they are themselves, and insensibly form their manner of seeing and thinking.

THE Academy destined for the Nobility is one of the best schools in *Europe*. There are
found

found in it the best masters ; and the mixture of different nations does not in the least impair their morals.

HE could not quit *Turin* without applauding the activity of the Merchants. We are indebted to them for the circulation of the finest *Organfin* in *Europe*. The silk-manufactures are a certain source of riches to all countries where people are employed in them.

HE was conducted to the *Veneria*, where the King usually spends the autumn ; he was surpris'd to find the gardens, so susceptible of embellishments, without either water, statues, or groves.—There are some places which ought to be set off with luxury.

THE *Novareze* and the *Tortoneze* united to *Piedmont*, recall to remembrance what VICTOR AMEDÆUS said to his son, viz. that he one day would have the *Milanese*, but by taking only a leaf at a time, as we eat an artichoke.—The ablest conquerors are not those who go on with too much rapidity.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of TYROL.

PASSING through PADUA, once a famous city, but now subsisting only on its former reputation, LUCIDOR took the road of TYROL. There were still some ancient Doctors of the University, who deserved a visit, especially some Physicians, whose knowledge had not been spoiled by any of the modish systems. Instead of being lavish of the human blood, they were for being sparing of it, and for substituting regimen and purgatives to phlebotomy.—It is an act of heroism stedfastly to oppose opinion and custom.

THE number of Students diminished perceptibly. The number of Universities is too much increased, and they hurt one another.

VERONA had some regard paid it by our traveller: it merited that distinction. Remarkable for a magnificent Amphitheatre in perfect preservation, it has moreover some Cabinets worthy the attention of strangers: an advantage peculiar to all the cities of *Italy*, where you will not fail to find some men of learning, and some valuable monuments.

THE illustrious SCIPIO MAFFEI was no longer alive, and had left behind him only two or three scholars far inferior to their master.

LUCIDOR,

LUCIDOR, according to the custom of *Italy*, was assailed by Antiquaries, who would have shewn all the stones of the city, as very great rarities, had he vouchsafed to have followed and hearkened to them; but he knew the common people in *Italy* seek only to live at the expence of strangers, and that they lavish titles and bows only to catch money.—Such are the effects of poverty produced by idleness.

SOON did TRENT, the capital of *Tyrol*, discover itself to his view. He found it very small for a City wherein had been held a General Council; and what must necessarily surprise him, there was not a single monument to recall that circumstance to remembrance.

It would stand in need of often receiving a new life from such-like events. It has less the appearance of a City than of a Village for its solitude and want of inhabitants.

OUR Philosopher was better pleased with INSBRUCK, where the Emperor (FRANCIS of LORRAIN) terminated his glorious career. There is at least society to be found there, and the happiness of living under the government of MARIA-THERESA.

THE plain or champian parts of *Tyrol* exhibit plenty, notwithstanding the mountains which overshadow them. The countryman lives happy in spite of snows and torrents; and to improve his industry, he rides on his oxen,
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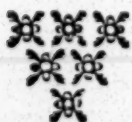
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and trains them so, that those he calls on always come to him, without ever mistaking their name.—Man has many resources, if he will but take pains.

BUT what charmed him above all, was a prospect of two and twenty villages on the banks of a river, which embellished the foot of a hill.—What a landscape for a painter, who was disposed to make the most of it!

THE *Tyrolians* are ingenious, but must be spurred on by want.

FROM thence our Philosopher endeavouring to get to *Alsace*, came to some towns where he thought he should have been lost. Besides their being utterly unknown to him, he found people, who could barely drink and grow. He ventured however to speak to them; but they talked to him about nothing, except beer and spirituous liquors. *From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.* Hence he concluded, that there are some countries, where a man ought to stop only to eat, and others only to change horses, as he did here.



CHAPTER XXIX.

He enters FRANCE, and takes a View of ALSACE.

SEE then our Philosopher now come to a country that piques itself on its knowledge and love of philosophy. He looked all round about him, and his soul became intimately united with those of the *French*, in order to sift them thoroughly.

STRASBOURG, like a conquered and frontier-town, appeared in his eyes a mixture of *French* and *Germans*. No people have a character of their own, who by the turn of mind or manners, belong to two nations.

HE met with great politeness from the officers. There are men of education and friends to REASON among the military. Even such as by their too great vivacity of temper seem averse to it, insensibly become reconciled to it: this however is a work of some years.—Thought and reflection are preferable to all the masters in the world.

HE was brought acquainted with the best families in the country. He saw there opulency and extremely agreeable women, but who seemed to be content with having pretty faces.—Nature seldom bestows sense and beauty both together on the same individual.

THE

THE men there have a sort of good sense, which, being Frenchified by habit, begins to render them amiable. They divest themselves more and more of that serious demeanour, which has the appearance of being tired of the company.

THE ACADEMY, where the youth perform their exercises, met with the approbation of LUCIDOR. It sends out excellent subjects, who distinguish themselves by a proper use of their talents, and improve by the lessons they have received.

THE CHAPTER has preserved all the delicacy of the *Germans* with regard to nobility of birth. Unfuitable matches, so common among the *French*, are there hateful.

THE plenty that reigns in *Alsace* keeps up cheerfulness.—Nothing causes sorrow like want.



CHAPTER XXX.

The THREE BISHOPRICKS.

METZ, of which the city seems to be in the suburbs, on account of the many beautiful new buildings in them, appeared to LUCIDOR an interesting spot. The company is excellent, without being too brilliant. He

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146 *The* TRAVELS Verdun & Toul,
associated with some of the Military, and Academicians; that was the way not to quit his own country.

THE *Jews*, every where tolerated, and every where detested, engaged a *Rabbi* to enter into a dispute with the unknown stranger; but the *Rabbi* was soon silenced. Their trade supports them, but it is like people in the air, that is to say, ever ready to fall down. Their preservation and dispersion, in spite of all objections, is an irrefragable proof in favour of Christianity.

VERDUN possesses no other beauty than the Bishop's palace (the situation of which is really charming) and is scarce known for any thing else but for its sugar-plumbs and sweetmeats.—No trade is trifling that makes money circulate.

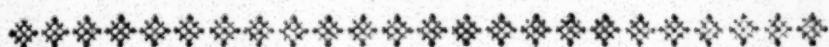
As to the city of TOUL, it appears so sleepy a place, as to require a body of troops to keep it awake. The women reckon on that resource to make up their parties when they meet.

THIS however does not hinder the THREE BISHOPRICKS from affording a large income. Besides the advantage of being situated in a rich soil, there are fewer poor found there than in other places.

THE people find the effects of being in the neighbourhood of the *Germans*; they are fond
of

of symphony; a disposition that does honour to their taste.

LUCIDOR found some Libraries in good condition in the different Communities, nor were they lost: the Monks were capable of making use of them.



CHAPTER XXXI.

Of LORRAINE.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, and KING STANISLAUS, the two Sovereigns that bestowed such a lustre on LORRAINE, affected our traveller no less, than if they had still been living. He saw them in all the buildings which embellish the country, and in the hearts of all the inhabitants, the finest throne Kings can sit on.

It is pity those charming country-seats, created by taste itself, required so much to keep them in repair, that it was necessary to pull them down.—REASON takes a pleasure in seeing monuments subsist, which have been erected by great men.

LUNEVILLE has no longer any other appearance than that of an ordinary town, but NANCY still preserves its splendour. Its square is ornamented like a play-house, and there the eye sees with astonishment, what a genius

that calculates, is capable of executing. The embellishments of *Lorraine* are less the fruit of riches, than of oeconomy. A state is always opulent, when the expences of the Prince are judicious. STANISLAUS knew how to be magnificent without waste.

THE Academy of *Nancy* received elogiums from our Philosopher, but with discretion. The *Lorrainers*, rather too moderate in their studies, might illustrate it more, would they but take pains. There is little emulation among them to quicken their good natural parts.

THE Nobles shew that there has all along been a brilliant Court in that country. They live up to their dignity. The attachment the *Lorrainers* had for their Princes, does honour to their souls. They are accused of being too parsimonious.

THE country in *Lorraine* is ravishingly beautiful, and the ground so cultivated, as may serve for an example to others: which shews that *France* made an excellent acquisition, when it incorporated *Lorraine* with its own dominions; the happy effect this of the marriage of MARY LE CZINSKI with LEWIS THE WELL-BELOVED — Thus virtues were not the only dowery that august Princess brought.

HE went through some of the Monasteries of the Congregation of St. *Vannes*, some of the Abbeys of *Premontres*; and what gave him

him pleasure was, that, besides the excellent books they shewed him, he met with Religious, who had preserved the spirit of their state of life. The *Lorrainers* talked much to him of the military profession. They are born foldiers.



CHAPTER XXXII.

Of CHAMPAGNE and PICARDY.

AFTER wetting his lips with that excellent wine, which gives a flow of spirits and bestows cheerfulness, he remarked that the people of *Champagne*, under a simple outward appearance, possessed a great share of sagacity and sense; and that, although their genius did not correspond to the liquor of the country, they were capable of acquiring the sciences, and even of embellishing them. But they must be electrified in order to draw any sparks from them.

VITRY was considered as the abode of gaiety.

RHEIMS would be a city of greater stir and business were it situated in *Gascony*.—What a fine thing would it be, could cities change their place like men! The changes might then be analogous to the manners and dispositions of the people.

THE Manufacturers shewed him some very fine stuffs, but they are unluckily too stout.—Nothing is now sought after, but what makes a show and has no wear in it.

THE *Benedictine* Monks shewed him their Library, which, like all the others that belong to them, is never renewed. They shewed him also their Treasury, and particularly the *Holy Vial*, which is remarkable for nothing but its antiquity.

The Metropolitan Church, as being the finest Gothic building in *France*, and where our Kings are anointed, doubly fixed the attention of LUCIDOR.—There are some monuments, the sight of which forms an æra.

THE public walk was the place of his reveries, or rather reflections. It is as interesting for its distribution and symmetry, as if it had been planned by the famous *Le Notre*.

THE inhabitants of *Rheims* did not appear to him so gay, as the people are supposed to be in a wine-country. They ought to have less wine and much more water, I mean a considerable river to transport the produce of their trade. A large river is a channel of plenty, and a source of cheerfulness.

SEDAN consulted LUCIDOR respecting its commerce. No other science is there known but trade.

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CHALONS-SUR-MARNE stopt him two days. He found there some easy souls, and agreeable people; but TROYES detained him a week, a space of time not too long to spend in a place of extensive trade. The outward appearance of the city is pleasing, though void of art or study, and the active genius of the inhabitants is in a fermentation like the seasons. He passed through some cities, where nothing is read but the public papers and the *Etrennes Mignonnes* or Court-calendar; and if he turned a little out of the way to see AUXERRE and SENS, the reason was, that the former of those cities contained inhabitants who were men of knowledge; and the second the tomb of a Dauphin, who had a throne in the hearts of all the people.

FROM *Champagne* he went to PICARDY, a province where openness of heart is preserved without alloy, in spite of the refinement of the age, and the corruption of manners.

HE was perfectly pleased with the industry of the people (they are indebted to the sweat of their brow alone for the bread they eat); but he was sorry to hear that *Picardy* was depopulated to supply *Paris* with servants.

AMIENS charmed him with the briskness of its trade. The manners have not yet acquired that suavity, which constitutes the charms of society; but they are unaffected. You see the
bottom

bottom of the soul of a *Picard*; he is transparent, and this perhaps may be the reason, that the number of learned men in *Picardy* is small.—A genius that shews itself too much, is not fit for study.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enthusiasm with which people speak of the nave of the cathedral of AMIENS and the choir of BEAUVAIS (two really curious pieces of workmanship) he did not find any churches or palaces like those of *Italy*; but the Inns were better.—Every country has its advantages, and this variety pleases a traveller.

HE went down into the public walk, which would really be charming, was not one obliged literally to go down into it. The air breathed there is too moist not to be unwholesome.

ABBEVILLE shewed him manufactures of a cloth far superior to that of the *English*. BULOGNE taught him that a good heart is far preferable to great natural parts. CALAIS proved that the manners are insensibly corrupted by an intercourse with Foreigners. DUNKERQUE offered him no other resources, than what he found in himself. DOUAY received him with cordiality, but without distinguishing him from an ordinary traveller. ARRAS let him pass quietly through. At LILLE he saw nothing but officers and soldiers.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### Of NORMANDY.

THIS Province, so rich in its soil, commerce, and industry, received LUCIDOR with distinction. She soon discovered that he was no ordinary man. The *Normans* are sharp, it is no easy matter to deceive them. 'Tis pity that a certain accent they have, should take off the edge of their wit.—Thoughts lose above half their value by being expressed in a heavy manner.

NORMANDY is in the neighbourhood of the Court, and yet the language there is bad; *Lower Britany* is above a hundred leagues from it, and the language there is good — There are some singularities which cannot be accounted for.

THE ports and manufactures fixed his attention less, than the men he had an opportunity of seeing. They appeared to him very intelligent, and he judged that *Normandy*, notwithstanding the fatness of the soil, and the thickness of the air, possessed some subtle geniuses;



niuses; that consequently the climate has not so great an influence over the mind, as some celebrated writers pretend it has.—Unluckily some opinions can plead prescription in their favour.

THE *Normans* shine in the sanctuary, in the academies, and above all at the bar.

THE Magistracy reckons among its members persons who would have done honour to the *Roman* Senate, and who, equally laborious and intelligent, are less taken up with their own private concerns, than those of the public; and unravel, with a surprising sagacity, the most knotty and intricate causes.—Penetration joined to application can do every thing.

IF there were less gaming at ROUEN, the understanding would be in its element. Play will not do for the Muses; their pastimes require less application of the mind, and ought to be of short duration: but this evil is epidemical among the *French*. They reckon the parties they have made at cards as they would so many victories they had gained.

THE excellent company found within the walls of *Rouen*, made him ample amends for the exterior ugliness of the town, and the moisture of its air, which is perpetually exhaled in rain and fogs. The women there are amiable, the men polite, and the stranger is overloaded with civility. It is perceptible that this city is  
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in the neighbourhood of *Paris*, and, in that respect, is the elder sister even of *Lyons* and *Bordeaux*.

THE manufactures are so numerous, that there is some reason to apprehend agriculture may suffer by them. The country-people too often quit the plough to run to the towns and turn mechanics.

THE Booksellers entertained our traveller with their ware-houses and their knowledge. Their shops are furnished with books of all sorts, nor do they live in the midst of them like *Tantalus* in the water.—The time is past, when a Bookseller imagined *Mr. Preface* to be the author of almost every book.

THE bridge resting on boats, which consequently rises and lowers according to the tide, appeared to him a curiosity, but one that required a constant expence to keep it as it is. It demands incessant repairs.—Every complicated work costs a deal to maintain.

As to the *Cours*, or public walk, it would be very pretty, were it not so far off. It is a toil to get to it, and a solitude when you come at it. And for that reason people seldom go thither, but by deputies.

THE company at DIEPPE seemed to smell of the neighbourhood of the sea. CAËN had many titles to engage our Philosopher to stop some time there: he stayed several days, and  
relished

relished with pleasure the genius and society of the country. The inhabitants are rich and spend nobly: he could have wished they had been less ceremonious.—Cordiality is preferable to ceremony.

HE was introduced to the acquaintance of some men of literature, with whom he was greatly pleased. The Academy is not idle, and her labours diffuse light and excite emulation at the same time.

THE *Manege*, or Riding-Academy, deserves to be mentioned: both talents and activity are found there.

SEVERAL Gentlemen entreated LUCIDOR to go see their country-seats, and he complied with their requests. They regaled him with excellent dishes, and the most agreeable conversation. A man is never better, than in the company of those, who join generosity with education.

HE found multitudes of officers throughout the whole province: the *Normans* have not degenerated from their original bravery. 'Tis only pity they should quit the service too soon. The opulent among the Nobles retire early from it; an officer however is never more able to defend his country, than when grown grey in his profession. The *coups de main* are for the young soldier.

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IT appeared to him a strange custom, as it really is, that the girls should have scarce any fortune given them. To leave the fortune of the sisters to the discretion of the brothers, is often exposing them to the danger of having none at all. Our descendants will most certainly reform this abuse: but we might save them that trouble.

HE was pleased with ALENÇON, less on account of the sociable disposition of the inhabitants, than for their being laborious. He saw AVRANCHE, COUTANCE, BAYEUX, VALOGNE, as towns that would produce many writers, were the inhabitants disposed to enter the career of authors, but he did not advise them to it. LUCIDOR knows that too much has been written.

HE passed through VIRE, where, according to the proverb, the Devil himself would be a fool; and going through several towns one after another, which he found more or less tolerable, he came to LA TRAPPE, the poorest Abbey in *France*, but the richest in virtues. The sight of this solitude, buried in woods, made him pronounce, that a man must either be a fool, or a saint to live in it. He was amazed to hear that hospitality is there practised every year to above four thousand strangers. —A man is always rich, when he is frugal.

HE thought of going through the whole province, but he saw himself stopt by the bad

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roads.



roads. There are several little towns the way he went, of which he takes no notice, because they had nothing in them interesting to REASON — The inhabitants prattle, play, and sleep.

HE wanted to go up to the original grounds of what the vulgar say against the *Normans*; and he found the true cause to be nothing more than the incursions they had formerly made into all countries.—It is an old quarrel people want to pick with them for their past misdeeds.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

*He arrives at VERSAILLES, and goes through the Environs.*

THE view of the castle was a sight for LUCIDOR, tho' the building is a swallow's body with the wings of an eagle, and not of a sufficient height. He found it magnificent and grand, though he remarked at the same time, that the wings were concealed towards the town, and appeared only towards the gardens. This superb palace ought to have had all the beauty and grace bestowed upon it which it deserves; an immense space ought to have been left between the front and the houses:

houses: there was no want of ground.—Every building has some fault.

THE distribution of the gardens, their ornaments, their variety, their extent could not suspend the serious reflections of our traveller. There it was he meditated on the revolutions of courts, on the nothingness of all grandeur, on the rapidity of life. He recalled to his remembrance all those Princes who are now no more, though they were flattered, as if they had been immortal.—All flattery has something childish in it.

HIS joy was inexpressible when he saw the King enjoying the bloom of health. A Monarch equally pacific and beneficent is undoubtedly a most interesting spectacle to REASON. Let this spectacle continue only as long as our desires, and there never will have been a life so long and happy.

MY LORD THE DAUPHIN excited the tenderest emotions in his heart. He found himself sensibly affected, while he steadfastly contemplated that august Prince, the blessings of whose reign our posterity will experience, and whose virtues, blended with those of the HOUSE of AUSTRIA, will produce great things.—“Eagles, says *Horace*, never beget doves.”

HE found nothing in VERSAILLES but disagreeing societies, people absent, a continual succession of goers and comers, all pursuing

their own interest, or full of projects; but what would have surpris'd him, had he not known the reserve of Courts, was, that all the news of *Versailles* is published only at *Paris*: every one at Court is taken up with himself alone, and all have ears and eyes without hearing or seeing any thing.

THE Court pleas'd him, as being the residence of politeness and fine language. The great ones are obliging, they express themselves with accuracy, and their manners have that easy air which the best masters cannot give, and which upstarts can never counterfeit.

HE had several conversations with some Ladies of quality, and he found them as rational in their discourse, as they were frivolous in their ways. They mentioned to him none but solid works. One would not believe, that good sense could sometimes match with paint and patches.

HE went through several anti-chambers crowded with unhappy and ambitious creatures, who were waiting for the Minister, as for the Divinity that was to heal them. This is a cruel situation, and yet many keep in it to the end of their life.—There is no disputing about tastes.

THE House of ST. CYR, an immortal monument of the piety of *Madam de Maintenon*, received, with pleasure, the visit of LUCIDOR.

The

The Ladies are judges of merit, which is the effect of the good education they there receive, and such as will ever be cited, as a model, while pains are taken to destroy sloth and pride.—Neither indolence nor haughtiness are allowable in the commerce of life.

THE elegance of TRIANON brought to his mind the castles of the Fairies: there is realised whatever fable has told us of them. The Menagery then contained only common animals. 'Tis a folly to be at expence to bring, from one country to another, useless animals, which have nothing interesting to natural history, except in the representation of their figures and characters.

MARLY could not escape his view, that abbode, where nature and art sweetly embrace each other. How has it happened, that those men of fortune, who expend so much in building, have none of them ever copied it?—Nothing is so magnificent and grand, but it may be imitated in small.

THE machine, that brings the water to *Versailles*, appeared to him too complicated. At this day, its construction would have been more simple, and would have cost much less.—The arts have their growth. In things of this nature many attempts must be made, before perfection is attained.



He was conducted to ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, which formerly might have been taken for a house of entertainment for the *English*. He found there excellent company. People meet from all parts to keep up an intercourse of complaisance and civility. The rich willingly mix with those who are not so, and, by that means, each one thinks himself almost in a state of opulence: but the burden of the song, as in all other towns, is, that you must play: the company moreover often changes. *St. Germain* is the residence of new faces.

LA MEUTE appeared to him admirable for the regularity of the building, the beauty of its gardens, the richness of its furniture, and the neighbourhood of the wood of *Boulogne*.

HE spent all the time in seeing ST. CLOUD which the beauty of the place required. The waters there rise with boldness and majesty, proud, as it were, to find themselves in so beautiful a spot. The castle did not appear to him to bear a just proportion to the town. It is a pleasure to see those in *Flanders* and *Holland*: one would say, that they had been built on purpose to be an ornament either to the country-towns or cities.

LUCIDOR discovered at *Mont Valerien* (for he had the curiosity to examine every thing) that on the other side of the *Seine* nothing was

was seen but a dreary fort of a country, and that, to please the eyes, one must not leave the river-side.—The shades add to the beauty of the picture.

BELLEVUE served him as an observatory to take a view of *Paris*; and from its terrasses, where the soul is enlarged in proportion to the extent of the view the eyes take in, he represented to himself all the passions which agitate that immense city, and it was a pleasure to him to trample them under his feet. He seemed to be on the top of a rock, against which all the waves of the sea came and dashed to no effect.—A happy situation for a Philosopher who can estimate things according to their value.

MEUDON only served to keep up these wise reflections. It is a retired place, preferred to all the seats that surround the capital, when a person is disposed to think. He wandered with pleasure in the most retired parts, thus finding by experience that REASON is never alone, into however secluded a recess it may withdraw. He thought it singular that a sorry bridge should be suffered to continue at *Seve*, just under the eyes of the Court, while most magnificent ones were building in the provinces.

FONTAINEBLEAU, that castle, which though ancient, has a more majestic appearance than  
*Versailles*

*Versailles* itself, was a book of history for our Philosopher. He thought he read on the walls a series of different events, and he made them the subject of his reflections.

As to COMPIEGNE, he judged it deserving the affection of the Sovereign still more for the qualities of heart and mind in the inhabitants, than for the noble forest which renders it so agreeable.

THESE are so many varieties which charm a traveller. The difference of places forms in the eyes of a Philosopher a parterre, where the diversity of colours attract and rejoice the soul. Nothing tires like uniformity: even the beautiful itself disgusts, when it is every where the same. REASON delights in seeing the *metamorphoses* of nature in the works of art.

CHANTILLY procured him that satisfaction: he saw there, with a degree of voluptuousness, all the beauties of the country united with the elegance of towns, and exquisiteness of taste. A delicacy of taste has found the art of modernizing the antique itself, and of bestowing on the meanest spots the magnificence of palaces.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

LUCIDOR *arrives at* PARIS.

WE are now come to the moment when he entered PARIS, but without any show. Besides that REASON is modest, what impression could she have made on a city taken up with pleasures and frivolities? Few would have come out to meet her.

HOWEVER, when LUCIDOR had made choice of a quiet street, a civil landlord, and a plain apartment, he went about every where to examine every thing — The eyes of a Philosopher are telescopes.

It was not long before he discovered that the young people discounted their youth by abandoning themselves immoderately to pleasure: almost all he met had the appearance of being worn out. — They were new-blown flowers nipt by the frost.

If the Gallery of the *Louvre* had been raised in proportion to its length, if the *Thuilleries* had some superb water-works, and a grand entrance towards *Pont-royal*, he would have excessively admired those magnificent objects.

THE Dome of the *Invalids*,\* though only a miniature of that of *St. Peter's* at *Rome*; the

\* An Hospital for disabled Soldiers.



*Palais-Royal*, though concealed on every side; the Palace of *Luxemburg*, though situated too low; the Church of *St. Sulpice*, though darkened on every side, merited his admiration and elogiums.

HE wished the square of LEWIS THE WELL-BELOVED finished in a manner corresponding to the Colonade; that the quays of the *Louvre* and the *Theatins* were ornamented with a single row of limes along the *Seine*, and that their stems, not to intercept the view of any object, might be formed like orange-trees; that the bridges were cleared of houses; that the *Hotel-Dieu* \* was removed to some more capacious and distant spot; that a Town-house worthy of the capital was erected; that a grander exterior appearance were given to the *Palais*; that the *Carthusians* were obliged to build all down the *rue d'Enfer*, and the Monks of the Abbey of *St. Germain-des-pres* down to the *rue du Colombier*, or at least to sell so much of their ground, that the public might execute that scheme.

BUT as neither the local nor material of *Paris* was the object of his journey, he but lightly touched on them. He attended chiefly to the dispositions of the people and the manners of the country; and when he had analysed them, he discovered that, excepting a

\* The General Hospital.

number of fages in every state of life, *Paris* is a place where there are more fashions than manners, more philosophers than philosophy. Vices there meet with excuse, whatever makes a person the object of ridicule is never pardoned; and what makes one most of all so, is the want of money.

HE saw, with great coolness, those frequent revolutions, which raise and pull down, to the lowest degree, the same man almost in the same instant; which in the twinkling of an eye, change the forms of clothes, curls, hats, and even the language itself; which set every tongue a wagging, and every head on motion at a piece of news, or a new play; which make people go mad for a dangerous or ridiculous pamphlet.—These are so many scenes of a play to a wise observer. He is in the pit while all this is acted; and all *Paris* seems to him a play-house, where he sits without either hissing or clapping.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*Of the different* QUARTERS *of* PARIS.

LUCIDOR remarked that *Paris* is a world, of which each quarter composes a province. The *ton* of the *fauxbourg St. Honoré* is  
not

not that of the *fauxbourg St. Germain*; the *Marais* has more uniform ways than the neighbourhood of the *Palais-Royal*, or of the Palace of *Luxembourg*. People dine and sup there like tradesmen; and the fashions, even sometimes the new ones, reach not thither till late, in comparison of the more brilliant and frequented parts of the town.

HE eat with all sorts of people, because he wanted to know people of every rank. The meals of the great ones appeared to him too grave; not a word is spoken at them: those of private persons too noisy; there is no hearing what is said. He remarked that *Paris* really consisted of a set of people, among whom few *Parisians* were to be found. It is the extract of all nations.

HE could not comprehend how those suppers could be called delightful, at which you were to bear patiently all the ridiculous airs of a conceited prude, before you could obtain a song from her, and support all the originalities of a wit, before you can squeeze from him some pretended *bons-mots*.

AND still less could he conceive how any man would forsake an amiable spouse for a nightly *tête à tête* with a kept mistress, whose sentiments and wit, though of a romantic turn, are soon exhausted, and with whom the scene generally ends in a yawn. There is this difference

ference between love and friendship; that the former only pleases while it is new. Whatever becomes habitual, can no longer affect it.

AGREEABLE suppers (let this be remembered) are those which you do not purchase either by being forced to play, or by a ceremonial you cannot avoid, or by sitting up till the morning, or by the disagreeable task of conducting home some woman, who has nothing to recommend her but titles and years. Agreeable suppers are those, where openness and cheerfulness unite, where the heart expands itself without constraint, where wit shews itself without putting in any pretensions, where no court is to be paid, no interest to be consulted. There are relished the pleasures of the table: there we may cry out, *O noctes cænæque Deum!* O nights! O suppers of the Gods!



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### *Of the CIRCLES.*

CURIOSITY led our Philosopher to a brilliant society. A friend presented him according to custom. There were some fashionable Ladies, some retainers at Court, some foppish Abbés, and some Scholars of the day.

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THEY



THEY began by measuring him from head to foot; by asking one another, in a whisper, who the stranger was; by saying that he did not come into the room with a good grace; that his curls did not suit his face; that his coat was too full; that his deportment was too uniform. He heard all this fine discourse; which was enough to disconcert a stranger.

IN the mean time a prude with a wry face, a spiteful eye, a knit eye-brow, questioned him with regard to his country, but in so low a voice, that he was forced to guess at what she said. He was to inform the company from whence he came, whither he was going, where he lodged, when he was to set out, what was his name, and almost the place where, and the hour when, he was to die.

AFTER there were no more interrogations and answers to make, the discourse turned at the same time on pamphlets and balls, on politics and plays, on the finances and ribbons, on the court and agriculture, on monks and fashions, on some famous author, and some pretty little lap dog.

THE affairs of *Russia*, *Poland*, and *Turky* passed and repassed like the figures in a magic lantern; all was shade. Then was exhausted the science of barometers. It was told for a piece of news, that it had rained all day, and the last topic was diseases. A Duchess related

lated all her megrims, an Abbé all the colds he had caught, and a Financier his indigestions. There were three or four pretty Misses, who looked as if they were going to faint, with a design that the company should take notice of their vapours and their uneasiness. LUCIDOR was asked questions, but no attention was paid to his answers. This is pretty like the madness of the great ones. Good sense, which chanced to be there, attempted to speak a word, and was hissed. Jokes excluded solid reflections: and all this was accompanied with some whirlings about, and scornful smiles.

SUCH however was what is called the *beau monde*, that which gives the *ton*, but grieved REASON. She left the company without being known, as may be easily presumed, but thoroughly persuaded that the conversation of all companies at *Paris* could not certainly be like this.

LUCIDOR was not deceived, as the next day convinced him. He was introduced to a Gentleman's house, where the most serious subjects were very well discussed: nothing was said, but what was to the purpose; there was neither nonsense nor pedantry.

A PETIT-MAITRE arrived, exhaling perfumes, making faces, giving himself airs, and the company let him loll at ease on a sofa,

kiss his ruffles, admire his diamond ring, without taking the least notice of him.

“It is thus, Sir,” (whispered an old officer in LUCIDOR’S ear) “that we chastize these  
“little Gentlemen. They would like nothing  
“better than to be talked to, but we honour  
“them with the most perfect indifference.  
“They grow tired of this treatment, and very  
“soon rid us of their pretty persons. If *Paris*  
“abound with frivolists, it is not without  
“people of good sense. There is no place  
“where folly is more justly valued at what it  
“is worth”

A LADY of the Court seconded him; she made a jest of the *Petits-Maitres*, she jeered the pretty Ladies, ridiculed their ways, and shewed by her own, which were as easy as her conversation, that good sense belongs to all ranks, and that those who glory in not having any, are people of no great consequence, and do not always give the *ton*, as they are bold enough to boast they do.

LUCIDOR came away enraptured, promising himself that he would often frequent such company; but he could scarce contain his indignation, when he was told that the men had their toilettes as well as the women; that they concentrated their souls within the sphere of trifles; that half their life was spent in the shops of Sadlers, Varnishers, Perfumers, Jewellers,

ellers, in running on tick to the ruin of tradesmen, in procuring the whole apparatus of luxury, in paying for being laughed at, and studying the part of *Impertinent*.—Time is a possession, which most men sink for life.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### *Of the PUBLIC WALKS.*

LUCIDOR could not be indifferent with regard to those recreations which refresh the mind and support health. It afforded him pleasure to see all ages and ranks dispersed every where throughout those superb gardens, where nature, assisted by art, delighted to unfold herself; but it was, at the same time, a melancholy subject of reflection, when he learned, that among that number of people, who come to these walks in the most elegant equipages, there were some who were indebted for their grand appearance only to cunning, usury, monopolies, and fraud.—Probity in the eyes of many people is an empty chimæra.

LUCIDOR, no doubt, could have rather wished, that there had been neither hackney-coach nor chariot in all *Paris*, and that for



the satisfaction of sixty thousand people, eight hundred thousand were not distressed: but here we are to say, that "the world must be suffered to go on as it pleases."

"WHAT a multiplicity of words," said he, "when he heard the buzzing in the *Thuilleries*, "tho' perhaps there be not one fit for REASON to hear! Some talk of their pleasures, some of their business; some relate their adventures, some their projects; and not one is in search of true happiness."

HE remarked that the *Palais-Royal* was the walk of the elegantly dressed; the *Luxembourg* that of the dreamers; the *Thuilleries* that of every body; and that, in so magnificent a garden, there were neither shrubs nor flowers enow. But to help him in making his observations, he was often elbowed by vice and folly.

HE thought he discovered among those who cut the greatest flash in the walks, a number of people, who put off their supper to the next day, and who owed their existence and dress to the public.

A SHOWER of rain came on, and every one disappeared with the rapidity of lightning, without knowing whither to run. Such is the inconvenience of public walks, where there is no shelter. He judged that an arched gallery  
along

along the terrafs of the *Feuillants* would be a neceffary building.

THE bulwarks, which he found full, convinced him that public walks could not be too much multiplied in behalf of the only nation that made ufe of them; for the *English* run, the *Germans* march, the *Italians* are drawn, but the *French* really *take a walk*, if by that exercife we mean the pleafure of enjoying the frefh air and converfing with a friend.

HE thought himfelf obliged to caft an eye on the *Guinguettes*. The diverfions of the common people affect a patriotic foul. Moreover the very Mechanic at *Paris* has a certain air of the Gentleman at his fports: in his parties of pleafure, he is fuperior to the Tradesman of *London* and *Amfterdam*. 'Tis the confequence of a happy education, which influences every rank of life, and of a gaiety natural to the *French*, which gives them an ever-pleafing air. — A merry nation always is fociable.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

*Of the THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS.*

A GLANCE at least was to be given at what paints the manners of a nation, and is the entertainment of all the genteel people.

OUR Philosopher therefore appeared at the *French* comedy: *Zaire* was then acting. He clapped, as did also the rest of the spectators; but he could have wished that the actors, altho' masters in the art of declamation, had sobbed less. It appeared, that the sighs were excessive, and that the most affecting passages were delivered in a manner that strained, to an extraordinary degree, both the breast and throat. —Nature ought to be copied, but never exaggerated: hickupping is a wrong way of representing it.

THIS little performance made him regret the inimitable *Moliere*. The comedies have no longer any thing comic in them. For instead of giving us farces, nothing is given us, but what is weepful and dry, and all must end in a wedding, as if there were not a thousand other unravelments, and people would never tire of such a conclusion.

THE *Italian* comedy would have amused him, had it not been for the medley of idioms, that render it ridiculous. *Harlequin* affected it,

it, as a necessary personage on a theatre, contrived to make people laugh. And, in fact, his is a part that will always please working people, who stand in need of relaxation. Burlesque representations are those which a Philosopher will prefer for his amusement. A man does not quit what is serious to apply his mind afresh. He did not relish those ariettas copied from the *Italian*, the *French* language being no way fit to admit of those graces.

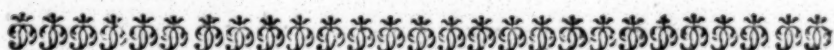
As to the OPERA, there were some things that pleased him, and others hurt him. This must happen from an exhibition of so complicated a nature; but he could not behold without pain that group of kept mistresses, who by a ridiculous display of their diamonds and dresses, eclipsed even the Ladies of quality.

The Play-houses did not appear to him to have any proportion either to the immensity of *Paris* or the elegance of the *Parisians*. The smallest towns in *Italy* have Theatres superior even to the Opera-house at *Paris*; there is not a pit, where you are not seated. A person must be extremely fond of plays, or have very little to do, to stand for three hours squeezing and squeezed.

FAR from blaming these different kinds of amusements, the creatures of industry, he found them a wise contrivance. It is the interest of government to authorize such diversions



sions as amuse the public, provided there be nothing in them contrary to morals and the laws. It would be more judicious in some people not to confound reason with humour. The taste of an individual is not to decide on pleasures, but that of a nation.



## CHAPTER XL.

### *Of the COFFEE-HOUSES.*

**L**UCIDOR, as much a friend to what is useful, as an enemy to what is superfluous, had approved of the establishment of Coffee-houses from the moment of their institution. They are a necessary *rendezvous* in such a city as *Paris*. But one day, when he went thither, he was truly surpris'd to meet with so motley and noisy a crew.

THERE was a Gamester just come a Tennis-court, cursing fortune, but still endeavouring to lay hold of it; a Newsmonger, retailing, with the greatest assurance, the most improbable and silly stuff; a troublesome fellow with a military threatening look; a Grumbler vexed at the age, at the nation, at mankind, at himself; a Parasite filled with the fumes of a sumptuous dinner; a half-starv'd wretch on  
the

the watch for a *Bavaroise*\* or a dish of coffee; a Fop pleased to see himself cased in a fine suit of clothes, which he had just gotten on trust; a Libertine, a foe to religion and to all that have any; an Author full of himself, running over the contents of his pocket-book with an affected air; a merciless Prater, ridiculing works he had never read; a Broker contriving means of cheating; a man determined on matrimony in quest of some rich widow, with a design to ruin her; an Adventurer giving himself airs, titles, names to trick the better; a Reader of obscene Pamphlets, speaking with disdain of all good books and good writers; an idle fellow, who had nothing to do but to tire people; a Sayer of pretty things to the Mistress of the Coffee-house, to prevail on her to trust him; a passionate Adorer of Actresses and Plays, who knew only that two-fold object in the whole world; a never-tired Relator of little stories of old times; a Pettifogger, who could talk of nothing but of precedents and cases.

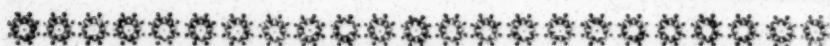
A FINE collection to interest REASON! She took it into her head to speak a word, and the company thought she spoke *Arabic* or *Chinese*; but the next day our Philosopher had ample amends made him. Having the curiosity to see the same Coffee-house once more, he met with

\* A dish of Tea with Sirop Capillair.

with none but civil and sensible people. The cloud was dispersed.

CHANCE in *Paris* brings together, from one moment to another, people of worth and those of the most infamous characters: it is the history of the weather, sometimes clear, and sometimes stormy; and a wise man puts up with it without repining.

HE thought, that as the Ecclesiastics and Monks did not frequent the Coffee-houses, some decent places might be opened for them, where they might take a little refreshment and rest themselves. There should be books there for those who are fond of reading, and these places might be called Libraries or Book-sellers-shops, that every thing might be done conveniently, and in a proper manner. REASON was never an enemy to decent recreation; it keeps a medium between rigorism and a loose morality.



## CHAPTER XLI.

### *Of the FASHIONS.*

TO be at *Paris*, and not see the fashions, is to go with your eyes shut. The squares, the streets, the shops, the carriages, the dresses, the people offer nothing else to view.

view. The *Parisian* is so fanatically fond of whatever is new, that religion itself displeases some giddy-headed creatures, merely because it is too old-fashioned.

A COAT that has been worn above a fortnight, appears old to your people of the *bel air*. They are for having new stuffs, pamphlets just published, modern systems, friends of a day's acquaintance.

WHEN a fashion begins to appear, the capital runs mad after it, and no one dares to be seen, unless decked out in the new taste.

"You may judge of our fondness for fashions" (wrote a *Parisian* Lady to one of *Holland*, in a letter which deserves to be transcribed) "by our curls *à la Greeque*.\* It does not signify, if our heads be topped with a church-steeple, we persist in our fondness for that dress, because it is the fashion. The men amongst us obstinately retain their little hats, although they shew an empty scull, because it is the fashion. They expose themselves to the danger of catching cold, rather than discompose a curl, because it is the fashion. They place themselves indecently before the fire, and hinder the whole company from warming themselves, because it is the fashion. They find fault with a mere

\* After the Greek fashion.



“ nothing, nor is a person any thing in their  
“ eyes, if he has not the mean set-offs and  
“ gawaws of the day, because it is the fashion.

“ OUR *Petits-Maitres*, whose business it is  
“ to cry up these articles of trade, acquit  
“ themselves in the best manner. Dressed out  
“ in the fashion of the day, they run to all  
“ the plays and assemblies.

“ IT is who shall appear first in some new  
“ dress; and (wonderful to relate) even his-  
“ tory is introduced into our fashions, for  
“ they are invented on occasion of some re-  
“ cent event.

“ NOTHING prettier could be thought on,  
“ than to carry an epocha on your head, or  
“ on your clothes. Thus the head-dress *à la*  
“ *Port-Mahon* attested the taking of that town.  
“ We shall undoubtedly soon have some, which  
“ will point out the war between the *Russians*  
“ and *Turks*, and probably their shape will be  
“ that of the crescent or turban.

“ NOTHING but the fashions give a brilliant  
“ air to our *rue St. Honoré*, a street so busy and  
“ gay, that *Paris* may be said to exist no  
“ where else but in that quarter. It is there  
“ industry invents costly *bagatelles*, rendered  
“ necessary by luxury, and swarms of *Petits-*  
“ *Maitres* of both sexes, disperse themselves  
“ into small companies, to learn at least the  
“ names

“ names of all the new-fancied gugaws.—’Tis  
“ the way to acquire celebrity.

“ People here form a language *à la mode* as  
“ well as dresses. Elegance of discourse con-  
“ sists in catching new words, and lugging  
“ them in on every occasion. The fashion has  
“ brought forth a thousand times more books,  
“ than ever REASON did. Our quays, our  
“ passages, our shops are daily hung with new  
“ pamphlets. They are bought for the sake  
“ of their title, provided it be new, and they  
“ serve to ornament the toilet or chimney-  
“ piece till the next day, when some still  
“ newer work makes those of last evening  
“ forgotten.

“ ‘THIS revolution of fashions fills life with  
“ events. Although I am now only twenty  
“ years of age, I have already lived above  
“ threescore by what I have seen and expe-  
“ rienced. No ebbing and flowing of the  
“ tide can be compared to our new fashions.  
“ Thousands of needles, scissars, pencils are  
“ in constant use to create something in an  
“ elegant taste. Moreover, were a thing fright-  
“ fully ugly, a pretty Milliner persuades you  
“ that it is ravishingly handsome. Nothing is  
“ more capable of fascinating the eyes, than  
“ her obliging manner and chat.

“ BUT what will surprise you is, that there  
“ are some originals, who have no other merit

“ than a pitiful singularity, and who all on a  
“ sudden become people of fashion. Their  
“ example is cited, they are cried up, they  
“ are passionately admired, and it is holiday  
“ when their company can be procured at a  
“ supper.

“ I WAS once myself the dupe of one of  
“ these gentry. I was all ear and eye to ad-  
“ mire one of these men of a day; I had in-  
“ vited him with some of the best company,  
“ and I saw and heard nothing but a fool.  
“ Fame carried him to all the great houses,  
“ and Merit never made one of the party.

“ SUCH are we here, Madam, and certainly  
“ this is not like *Holland*, your dear country.  
“ Wit here often silences good sense; but it  
“ is the fashion, and must be applauded. It  
“ shall be mine ever to admire you, and tell  
“ you in a strain which the heart avows, that  
“ no one can be more tenderly your affec-  
“ tionate, &c.”

THIS letter pleased LUCIDOR very much, and the use he made of it, was to catch the fashions in the fact among the contrivers of them; and after some jokes on them, he judged, that fashions, in appearance so ridiculous, were much more so with respect to foreigners who pay dearly for them, than to the *Parisian*, who makes of them a branch of trade.

CHAP-

## CHAPTER XLII.

*Of PLAY.*

**T**O play by way of recreation, nothing is more natural; to make a study of play, nothing more absurd and ridiculous.

CARDS were constantly offered the stranger, and he often accepted of them; REASON is not unfociable, she willingly complies with the company, but she likes recreations that do not last so long as half-a-day, nor put the understanding on the rack.

THE idea of play, in no country of the whole world, ever implied the idea of four people gravely sitting round a table, without daring to laugh or speak.

THERE are none but such as barely vegetate that can bear too serious play. Recreations of another kind are requisite for such as waste their intellectual faculties, or they must be downright slaves to a thirst of gain.

ANOTHER thing makes gaming ridiculous, which is, to be squabbling the whole day in order to lay hold of a little money. What is lost, gives uneasiness; what is won, does no good. In consequence of winning, people allow themselves superfluities, which they never thought on before. But fashion had prevailed,



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and LUCIDOR made his representations to no purpose; his advice was not followed. He was even near falling out with some old Dowagers.

Would people at least shorten their games, would they interrupt their play for the conversation of a person of sense, or to hear an important piece of news—but whatever merit a man may have, whatever event he may have to relate, he will appear in the eyes of Gamblers as a very troublesome fellow, the moment he takes their thoughts from the cards. Time seems precious to them, only while they are losing it, and even the death of a relation, or a friend, cannot drag them from play. They content themselves with saying: “Ah! this is “sad news,” and continue their game.

LUCIDOR remarked on this occasion, that people did not feel so much as formerly for the loss of their relations, so that fashion had an influence on our manners, as well as on our dress.—If tears recall not the dead to life, they at least do honour to human nature.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

## Of AUTHORS.

IT was not long before the merit of LUCIDOR shewed itself; and though he was not known for REASON, he was considered as the most *rational* man in the world.

AUTHORS therefore came one after another with a design to sift him, but there were at least two-thirds of them, whose names he had never heard mentioned. He was quite amazed to be informed that they were writers, and that there were people found, who commended their works.

AN Author, a man of sincerity, thus related his own history on that occasion. "I was, said he, by profession a *Petit-Maitre*, without any other talent, than that of talking boldly, right or wrong, on society, my country, literature, and even on religion itself, when a Lady of fashion assured me, that if I would send to the press the extravagances I uttered in discourse, I should become a writer of importance. I did not believe a word she said, though the frivolity of the age insured my success; and I was afterwards quite amazed myself, that people read me with enthusiasm. It is true, indeed, that



“ that the Lady in question procured people  
“ to cry up my performance. Without that  
“ precaution, the best works run the risk of  
“ being damned, or at least of being little  
“ known.

“ I HAD at last a scruple of imposing on my  
“ readers, by giving them paradoxes for the  
“ greatest truths, raillery for arguments, pre-  
“ judices for irrefragable judgments, as I value  
“ myself on being an honest man. It appeared  
“ to me, that depreciating a solid work in a  
“ a pitiful pamphlet, was an insult to REASON  
“ and sincerity.

“ My style was imposing; with the assist-  
“ ance of a few flashy phrases and some new-  
“ coined words, a writer gets the multitude  
“ on his side. Nothing is easier than to dazzle  
“ superficial understandings. They did all  
“ they could to make me admired, charmed  
“ to find in my writings a morality that suited  
“ their desires.

“ BUT what grieves me excessively is, that  
“ it is to no purpose I tell them myself, that  
“ my works are pitiful; they will not believe  
“ me.—An early impression is hard to blot  
“ out.

“ As to all those philosophical works, in  
“ which there is not a grain of philosophy, I  
“ made them with as much ease as I could  
“ have made a Romance: and that is the  
“ whole

“ whole secret of the Quackery. Writers publish their dreams, which they confidently puff off for new discoveries, and load with ridicule those whom they have any interest in depreciating. The imagination is warmed, the pen runs on, and a work is finished without knowing how it was begun.”

LUCIDOR, instead of a reply, contented himself with asking, if there were no tribunal set up by the Academies, where a person was obliged to give proofs of his knowledge, before he professes himself an Author? The candidates ought to be obliged to make a trial, on the event of which judgment should be pronounced, whether or no they are capable of writing, and by that means the public would be no longer over-run with bad works. It should not be enough that a man was master of a style to enable him to send any thing to the press; style is only a varnish, which often dazzles the ignorant; but there should moreover be demanded an acquired knowledge, and above all a decided taste for the true.—Without truth there is neither eloquence nor beauty.

THOSE, who should presume to set up for Authors, without having given proofs of their abilities, should be prosecuted like smugglers. Free-thinking ought to be repressed: it is bad policy to suffer books to circulate in the public, whose principles are either false or licentious.

OUR

OUR Philosopher was shewn some men of learning after his own taste, some distinguished Poets, five or six celebrated Ladies, a great many Artists, Plagiaries without end; and when he was presented with the catalogue of living Authors, who amount to above two thousand, he took up his pen, read over all their names, and scratched out fifteen hundred.—This action was not the effect of capriciousness: REASON does nothing at random.

IT hurt him to see that recommendations were necessary to get articles inserted in the *Journals*,\* and it was often enough to get a good work depreciated, that an Author, or even his Bookseller was not of the same taste with a *Journalist*, or Reviewer.

HE discovered that some Sophists made the greatest figure in these productions, and that those who attempted to vindicate the rights of truth, got nothing but contempt and ridicule.—The mode would have it that they were in the wrong.

\* Reviews.



CHAP.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## Of NEW BOOKS.

HE shut himself up for some days in order to peruse with attention some modern works the most in vogue. He formed a sound judgment of them all, as may be presumed, without being dazzled with the brilliancy of style, which makes up their whole substance. He even found, that except the *Encyclopædia*, *The Spirit of the Laws*, *The Natural History* of M. Buffon, *The History of the Lower Empire* by M. Le Beau, and five or six other works, which in some respects hold a rank of distinction, books were now filled with too much wit, the style too epigrammatic, the thoughts too strained, the method of writing unnatural and forced. Phrases ought to come of themselves to find an Author, without his appearing to hunt after them. “A Writer, says “Montesquieu, who puffs and blows to squeeze “out wit, does not deserve to write.” Moreover the greater part of our modish pamphlets form a confederacy against religion and morals, and in that they insult REASON instead of avenging it. In some the sublime is contrasted with the trivial, in others the laughable is joined to what is enough to draw tears; some



some have no other merit than that of a whimsical title; others that of the name of some fashionable author. Such were the remarks of LUCIDOR; but what amazed him the most, was to find a multitude of books every where, in which he had no hand, and even to the very names of which he was a stranger.

HE would not however judge of the *French* by any of these performances. "I should, said he, in that case be obliged to consider them as the most frivolous and licentious of all writers. I rather would persuade myself that they are so many debauchees of wit, disfavoured by the nation; and I am the more inclined to think so, as most of these pamphlets, being stigmatized by the public tribunals, must have been printed by stealth; and that the authors of them are considered only as blotters of paper, or gloomy Sophists."

TRUTH never loses its rights; it may be hid, but it cannot be stifled.—This LUCIDOR often repeated to those who hearkened to him.

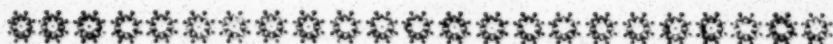
HE discovered, that while some took the part of truth, others that of paradoxes, it was impossible in this age to write so as to please all the world; and that in consequence of people's prejudices, nothing was more equivocal than the judgment passed on certain authors,

thors, and that we must wait that of posterity, whose tribunal is infallible.

THE Bookfellers he visited, shewed him a deal of pitiful stuff, the produce of libertinism and frivolity; but as one of them told him, their profits would be very small, if they sold no others, than historical or moral books. All the young people read, and the generality of them like nothing but flimsy pamphlets, whose basis is futility.

THERE must every day be some fresh production in *Paris*; the readers grumble and grow discontent, if they have not something new.

THE best performances of the last century were covered with dust, and had a fusty smell. A love of novelty made them pass for but indifferent performances.—Such is the taste of a frivolous age.



## CHAPTER XLV.

### *Of LITERARY DISPUTES.*

WHEN LUCIDOR was informed that authors, destined, by their profession, to enlighten the age and nation, most unmercifully mawled one another in their publications, he cried out: “O heavens! that they had “never written any thing at all!”

HE desired a person to read to him the subject of their quarrels, and the manner of their disputing; and at the very first page he stopt the reader, shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent.

WHEN liberty was taken to mention, in his presence, one *Chevrier*,\* condemned to the galleys by the sovereign court of *Nancy*, as a libeller, and who died in *Holland* just time enough to escape the execution of a capital sentence, which he was soon to have undergone for his atrocious calumnies, he answered, "I am astonished that the name of a man, who bore so infamous a character, can still be pronounced: he honoured every one he abused. When a person has no other enemies than such as have been condemned to the galleys or to the gallows, he ought to glory in it."

The like were the sentiments of Lord Chancellor *Bacon*. "To be satirized by villains," said he, is really glorious."

It is a truth, that if libels be the food of the thoughtless and foolish, they are in the eyes of people of sense, a disgrace to human nature. According to *Montesquieu*, "they ought never to be answered, as a libel is of all things that which ought most to be despised."

\* The *Marquis Caraccioli*, among others, had been an object of that wretch's satire and malice.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

*Of the BEL-ESPRIT.*

**T**HAT *Bel-Esprit*, which tries experiments; sifts thoughts, sneers at good sense, and makes a jest of truth, was truly the opposite of *LUCIDOR*: the latter however had a mind to hear it talk. *Paris* is its element. There, like the oracle of the day, it gets itself hearkened to by that multitude of superficial beings, whose compass is frivolity, whose law is disorder, and whom you meet with every where.

No one would grudge paying for a seat, to see *REASON* keeping *incog.* in a corner, while *Bel-Esprit* was letting fly its brilliant chimæras.

It is the father of paradoxes, of new-coined words, of fantastical ideas, and of almost all the loose pieces which appear: and to compleat its glory, it often eclipses learning and merit.

ALL your fashionable people endeavour to improve it. Trophies are erected to it for a string of phrases that express nothing, for decisions the most whimsical and rash. It feeds on wonderful pamphlets and dazzling systems; and there is not an elegant supper, where it does not play its game. It is carried to the play-



house; it is introduced to the toilets; it makes a third at a *tête à tête* with a public mistress; it is dressed out in the newest modes and the freshest suits; it associates with whatever is of the highest rank; it makes a part of the most serious conversations, and even of the most imposing works; it is appointed judge of books and authors.

LUCIDOR at last had some contest with it, but without wrangling or bitterness. REASON was ever modest; which one day emboldened the most zealous partizan of *Bel-Esprit* to raise his voice. "There is nothing (said he to LUCIDOR, whom he did not know) that kills us but reflection. Happiness consists in running every thing slightly over, and in examining nothing thoroughly. Since people began to be fond of what is merely superficial, the taste is become more pure, our pleasures are more refined, and freedom of thought gains ground.

"OUR fathers had nothing but REASON to guide them, and consequently were no less tiresome than Gothic. Their books and their discourse evidently shewed them pedants. We now boldly speak out what pleases, and we are sure to be hearkened to.

"I LIKE a work that has been written in a day, and is read over in an hour. We are indebted to some elegant writers for freeing

" us

“ us from the trouble of reasoning, which  
“ only serves to make a man a blockhead.

“ I AM always in the hip, whenever I meet  
“ with any of our men of good sense, who  
“ measure and weigh every word they speak,  
“ and always put on an air of dignity. Wit is  
“ agreeable only when it sparkles; it is then  
“ you please the Ladies, are in request with  
“ the great ones, and become the man of the  
“ day.

“ IN that case, Sir, (said LUCIDOR) I shall  
“ have the misfortune to set you a yawning;  
“ but I must quarrel with myself, if I once  
“ quarrel with REASON. I find nothing else  
“ that can raise a man, or even amuse him;  
“ he becomes thoughtless and rash, when he  
“ hearkens not to it. The natural disposition  
“ of a rational being is undoubtedly to give  
“ ear to it: otherwise nature has made a mis-  
“ take, and we are not what we ought to be.”

“ IT is pity, that with your principles you  
“ were not born a butterfly, you might flutter  
“ among the flowers, you might sport lightly  
“ in the air, you might have glittering wings,  
“ and above all the inestimable advantage of  
“ not thinking; for I imagine that thought is  
“ precisely the thing which disturbs you, as it  
“ does all those who are of your opinion. It  
“ is truly glorious to REASON, that whenever

“ we hearken not to it, we approach nearer  
“ the brute creation.

“ THE understanding, stript of good sense,  
“ ceases to be a good, it even becomes an  
“ evil. It is a flash of lightning, that kindles  
“ a storm, and produces the most dreadful  
“ effects. What a quantity of books has it  
“ ushered into the world, which have brought  
“ with them nothing but disturbance and  
“ darkness!

“ REASON can sport at proper times, and  
“ amuse itself agreeably; but not till it has  
“ worked and reflected; necessity alone makes  
“ it seek diversions.”

HERE the *Petit-Maitre* hummed a new *a-*  
*rietta*, stroked down his ruffles, and took him-  
self off.



## CHAPTER XLVII.

### *Of PETITS-MAITRES.*

LUCIDOR heard *Petits-Maitres* so often  
spoken of, and so often met with them,  
that he was resolved to know if they formed  
a republic by themselves, if they had any laws,  
or if they were simply some detached uncon-  
nected beings, who thrust themselves, right  
or wrong, into all companies, either to divert  
them or to tire them. HE

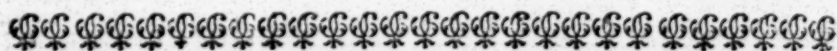
HE soon discovered that the modes were an element peculiar to these gentlemen, that they had certain words they made use of by way of a call, but that they did not constitute a body corporate; that they did not even know one another, but that every one had a right to arrange his pleasures and parties as he thought proper.

AND what one could scarce believe, had he not told us it, is that he met with some who were very amiable; but you must see a hundred before you could find three or four that had any thing engaging in them. The whole merit of some consisted in impertinent airs, of others in silly talk; some could do nothing but exhale perfumes, others make a parade of a nosegay, others shew a fine set of teeth; and only an extremely small number among them could please or entertain.

FORWARDNESS joined with frivolity makes up at least three-fourths of the *Petits-Maitres* that flutter about in *Paris*, without reckoning those, who by endeavouring to imitate good originals, become very bad copies. Some learning, wit, and a certain way of doing things are requisite to form an agreeable *Petit-Maitre*, though after all it be far the best to be plain and unaffected. What is natural is always preferable to whatever is forced; and were young people really desirous of pleasing, we should



should not see them put themselves to an expence in order to affect singularity in their behaviour; but this is a futility of many of the *French* even at the age of two or three and twenty: whereas at that time of life people are come to a maturity of age in *England*, *Germany*, and even in *Italy*, notwithstanding the heat of the climate there. And indeed *Petits-Maitres* are rarely to be met with in that country; there knowledge is required, and not wit; behaviour and not airs; thoughts and not *tons*.



## CHAPTER XLVIII.

*Of the CONVERSATIONS, or ASSEMBLIES.*

**L**UCIDOR remarked in the conversations of *Paris*, what is equally found in those of all other countries, some people who pretend to wit without having any; and others who have wit, but make no shew of it.

He however regretted the conversations of *Italy*; and it must be owned that they are really picturesque. Every thing there is a piece of painting; things are rendered interesting, by being diversified with reflections, recitals, and an intermixture of the most lively comparisons.

THE

THE *Parisians*, in general, have not patience enough to keep up conversations of too serious a turn; but they can give a body and graces to the merest trifles, and raise contributions of the prettiest sallies of wit imaginable from the company.

EVEN the conversation of the common people at *Paris* is entertaining; the news of the day is their occupation; they take a pleasure in talking of what is doing in the different tribunals; and it is a difficult thing to persuade the *Parisians*, that there are any agreeable companies to be found in foreign countries. But LUCIDOR could not comprehend how the youth in *France*, and particularly among the military, could keep perpetually repeating the same things on the article of gallantry, without ever being tired.—Afternoon and forenoon, you always hear some *double-entendres*.

THE art of conversation is no trifling thing: I mean to be able to pass from one subject to another, without contrast or contrariety, to relate without prolixity, to be interesting without design, to please without appearing to desire it, to avoid disputes, never to use *double-entendres*, above all not to talk too much, both because that is humiliating to others, and becomes at length quite tiresome to the company.

THERE

THERE are people whose station obliges them to hold conversations truly insipid. With them it is ever the history of rainy or fair weather, unless a cultivated understanding enable them to discourse on the arts and sciences: but science is seldom found united with grandeur; and when that happens, it is almost always an addition that doubles pride.

LUCIDOR often found fine Ladies, who talked the whole day long without saying any thing to the purpose, and who made dissertations for an hour together, on the merest trifles: but this misfortune was often compensated to him by conversations, in which even the sex shone forth to the greatest advantage, and where wit and learning happily met. — *Paris* is a world, where you meet with what is best in every kind, if you will but make a choice.

MANY of the great ones invited him as an object of curiosity; but that he might not find them too little, he refrained from going to see them. — Independence is a sovereignty pleasing to REASON; it pays court to VIRTUE alone.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

*Of* SCHEMES.

NO nation forms more schemes than the *French*. The imagination on one hand, and luxury on the other, daily produce some of every kind. The Ministers are plagued out of their lives with them: and as it is almost impossible for a person who knows nothing of the court, or of state-affairs, to foresee the inconveniences, and to bear up against the difficulties that may arise, things impossible, or even absurd are often proposed.

LUCIDOR was attacked by one of these reformers of the state. He was a man of a warm imagination, who had spent his days in forming the most singular schemes. He already calculated the millions which his lights and patriotic zeal were to bring him in. He never quitted the door of the Ministers and the great ones. He paid his court to the chamber-maids and footmen; and untill he got an equipage and a fine suit of clothes, his coat was as thread-bare as his visage was meagre. *France*, by his care, was to be in as flourishing a state as the most magnificent garden.

LUCIDOR



LUCIDOR, who likes no reformatations, but such as are indispensably necessary, or at least easily executed, advised him to reform himself, by trying to regulate his own mind, instead of regulating the state.—It was the true way to get rid of this troublesome fellow; for people of that stamp want to be admired.

BUT it was chiefly at the ordinaries (for, desirous of seeing every thing, he would sometimes dine at them) that he heard reformatations and schemes talked of. There are a set of Politicians in *Paris*, who feed on imaginary news, build castles in the air, and in the garb of an old Officer, or an old *Abbé*, go from eating-house to eating-house, and from coffee-house to coffee-house. This amuses the idle, and tires people of sense.—The eyes of the soul see different ways.

THERE was often a deal of stuff in favour of Infidelity brought on the carpet in LUCIDOR's presence; but all the learning of the speakers consisted in some poor ribaldry, which made him pity them.—To turn every thing to a jest is the resource of superficial understandings.



## CHAPTER L.

*Of the SCIENCES.*

HE observed that the Mathematics, Natural History, Astronomy and Politics spread more and more by the care taken to cultivate those sciences.

The ROYAL GARDEN, the OBSERVATORY, where nothing was wanting that could interest curiosity, and which he examined with the most scrupulous attention, gave him an opportunity of conversing with *Messieurs de Buffon, d'Aubenton, Cassini*, and of doing justice to the immensity of their knowledge and sagacity. He also there met with *Messieurs d'Alembert and le Monier*; and the meeting with them was not the effect of chance, but of sympathy.

METAPHYSICS appeared to him to have lost much of the consideration they enjoyed in the last century; they were regarded only as the sport of imagination.

MALEBRANCHE himself, that almost divine Philosopher, with difficulty had found a few disciples courageous enough to brave the fashion, and to remain attached to him. He sought the cause of this, and soon discovered, that a system which brings all back

T

to

to God, could not be long relished by men, who seek only to withdraw from him.

HE went to the house of the *Oratorians* (in the *rue St. Honoré*) as to the centre of a Congregation, where REASON was always honoured; and he fetched some sighs over *Ma-lebranche's* tomb, amazed that a man, so worthy to live for ever, should have neither *Epitaph* nor *Mausoleum*.

THE ABBEY of ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRÉS offered to his sight no *Mabillons*, *Martennes*, nor *Mentfaucons*; but continuing still to have Writers, she shewed him some men of erudition, who, with their brethren of the house of the *Blancs-Manteaux*, share the honour of labouring for the present age and for posterity.—Assured of living throughout all ages, they seem not to belong to this.

HE perceived however that the same ardour for profound studies subsisted no longer among them, and that, through fear of injuring their health, they lost their lives in indolence and dissipation. He examined some performances that passed for originals, because people no longer read in the sources, and he shewed them to be only copies.

THE *Frenchman* has ever set less value on knowledge, than on wit, though *France* has all along produced learned men in every line. The *Frenchman* had rather make an epigram,  
than

Par  
tha  
geo  
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than write a dissertation; commit a blunder in geography, than let slip a *bon-mot*. A piece of wit or a joke frees him from his embarrassment, and in spite of a mistake, sometimes of the grossest nature, he has the laugh on his side. He has this good quality however, that he is not offended at the truths that are told him; he acts himself on the stage, and laughs when he reads his own character, or sees his own portrait.



## CHAPTER LI.

### *Of the ARTS.*

AFTER seeing several work-shops, he pronounced at last, that the *French* have those masterly strokes, so well known among the *Italians*, by which a Painter or Sculptor rises above rules, and is like himself alone. A person may judge of this by the exhibition of the paintings in the *Louvre*.—No sight can be so interesting.

WHOEVER can do no more than copy others, is, and ever will be, ignorant or timid; and that man will never be more than a copier, who is afraid of those noble deviations from rule, which discover a real genius.



HE could nevertheless have wished that they had aimed less at the genteel, than at the beautiful; but it is difficult to make the *Parisians* hear REASON on that head. The elegant, according to their ideas, is preferable to the majestic.

HE found they excelled in the art of engraving, and that the *Frenchman* stood alone in that branch. He gives a softness to his prints, unknown either to the *Dutch* or *Germans*, and even to the *Italians* themselves. Their works are too dry, and have something of a roughness in them, of which they are likely not to get the better.

As to their Architecture, it appeared to him too naked. To avoid the Gothic, which abounded in superfluous ornaments, they run into a kind too simple. The buildings moreover in *France* are always too close together; but to compensate that, great pains are taken to make them very convenient: a point which other nations have too much neglected.

THEIR Trinkets and Toys appeared to him inferior to those of the *English*; that people have a phlegm that allows them time to finish their work. The *Parisian* hurries on whatever he is about, with that lightness which is natural to him, and which he cannot correct.

LUCIDOR might perhaps have relished the *French Music*, had he not been so transported with

with that of *Italy*, as to be still full of it. This it was he told some persons, who reproached him with his indifference for the Opera.



## CHAPTER LII.

### Of LUXURY.

THE soul of LUCIDOR, as well as his eyes, was hurt with all that display of magnificence in equipages, clothes and furniture. The toilets were toy-shops; the wardrobes storehouses of lace and stuffs; the apartments so many temples; the saloons so many altars, where the rich have adorers, and act the part of so many Divinities.

“WHERE am I (would LUCIDOR often say)?  
 “Will simplicity of manners never appear  
 “again on earth? And will the golden age  
 “(called so only, because there was then no  
 “gold) never return again?”

THE strokes of the chisel and hammer were heard on all sides; and the night itself, added to the day, was not enough to satisfy the eagerness of those who were building magnificent houses. The streets presented nothing to sight, but wood that the workmen were polishing, and blocks of marble that they were

fawing. Story was raised upon story, as if they designed to oppose a rampart to death.

ALL the ancient furniture was laid aside, as so much refuse; and whatever fashion contrived of the newest cast, became the standard of good taste. This was a detriment to trade, instead of a benefit; tradesmen's bills went unpaid, and bankruptcies increased.

THE table corresponded with the luxury of the furniture; and multitudes of footmen, dawbed all over with lace, and every livery of pompous pride, stood at their masters doors like so many bills of luxury and vanity pasted up against the walls.

LUCIDOR just spoke a word. He had a right to speak, but none to make himself obeyed. Some owned his reflections to be judicious; others laughed at him, and things continued to go on as before.

It is with luxury as with rivers: it causes plenty, but it must not be suffered to overflow. Dykes therefore and mounds ought to be opposed to it, would but people judge wisely.—A just proportion between income and expences constitutes the riches of a state.



## CHAPTER LIII.

*Of the LIBRARIES.*

THE King's LIBRARY afforded ample satisfaction to LUCIDOR. It contains a multitude of manuscripts, with which none are entrusted, but persons distinguished for their learning and probity. It is the richest repository in *Europe*, if we except that of the *Vatican*.

HE saw all the other remarkable Libraries like a master, who judges soundly of works; and at the Abbey of *St. Genevieve* he attentively considered the building, examined the medals, was pleased with the conversation of the Librarian, and made a memorandum of it, which deserves attention.—REASON never takes up the pencil at random.

HE could not help smiling, when he saw some, lately grown rich, who without the least tincture of literature, gave themselves airs in having a Library, as others give themselves airs in having an Orangery. Every thing, even the sciences themselves, is subject to luxury. You cannot now be presented with a book, unless it be set off with the finest Morocco binding and the most elegant gilding.—They had better be bound in a plainer manner, and oftener turned over.

CHAP.



## CHAPTER LIV.

*Of the COLLEGES.*

IN these, there were some practices which he praised, others which he blamed—It is the fate of all public establishments never to attain to perfection.

HE commended very much the choice of the Greek and Latin authors explained in them; and the attention paid to reasoning on the rules and the proportionate advantages of the different kinds of literature from the principles of *Horace* and *Boileau*; to the imitation of the beauties of nature, with which the pupils are inspired, according to the lessons of *M. Rollin* and *M. Le Batteux*: he seemed nevertheless to wish that the masters insisted a little more on whatever relates to Geography, Chronology and Universal History. But he learned with pleasure, that there was a work lately published on the Geography of *Virgil* and *Ovid*, with a set of most accurate maps; a work, which, added to so many other excellent performances, will help to give clear ideas of the situation of places, and the revolutions of nations. LUCIDOR was affected with the majesty and decency of the divine service, and the instructions on the christian morality delivered within

within the walls of the colleges: he admired the degree of perfection, to which the sublimer sciences were carried. Their Logic and Metaphysics are only dissertations on what has been produced by the greatest men for more than a century past: the chimæras of the old Philosophy, which overturn themselves, are only mentioned historically. Natural Philosophy, both speculative and experimental, leave nothing to wish for. The elemental and transcendental Mathematics are treated with a surprising emulation.

LUCIDOR was present in the *Mazarin* College at a *Thesis* on the deepest parts of those sciences: it was maintained by a young man, called *Le Gendre*, of eighteen years of age, a pupil trained by M. *Marie*, Mathematical Professor in that College. The Royal Academy of Sciences, to whom the *Thesis* was dedicated, honoured it with their presence, and by proposing some of the most sublime questions to the young defendant. Nor did this company think it any disparagement to themselves, to grant the young defendant six votes in the election of a new Academician to fill a vacant place.

LUCIDOR owned that education was as well conducted in the body of the university, as was possible, both with respect to religion, literature and the sciences. Those who offer new  
plans

plans of education, have never frequented that illustrious body; those who have frequented it, have nothing to add to the writings of M. *Rollin*, ancient Rector and Professor emerit in that famous *Lycæum* of so long a standing. LUCIDOR evinced how infinitely preferable a public education was to a private one, from the consideration of the irregularity of the latter with respect to the matters to be treated, and the hours of study; from the want of comparison and emulation; from the impossibility of acquiring the experience of other men, of appropriating to one's self the ideas and method of the persons of good sense, whose company may be met with; from too much company in families, and too good eating (a constant enemy to the culture of the understanding and heart) from the too great fondness shewn to children; from being deprived of the good example of those of their age, the remembrance of which is preserved for one's whole life, even when a person chances to go astray; from the instructions repeated by different masters on the same subjects; from the desire of surpassing those of their age: "every thing concurs, says LUCIDOR, to give the preference to a public education before a private one." He, in a word, shut the mouth of an opponent, by defying him to cite one instance in a thousand, of a learned man in any

any one line, that had studied no where, but in his father's house.

LUCIDOR thought it would be proper to place a College in the quarter of *St. Anthony*, and another in the *rue St. Honoré*, as the *Latin* region is too far remote from these two faux-bourgs.

THE Schools for *Medicine* and *Chirurgery* shared in his elogiums. They suffer themselves no longer to be hurried away by the torrent of fashion and opinion; experience is consulted as the first teacher, and their studies are drawn from the best sources.

As to the *Law-schools*, he could not conceive how, in so enlightened a kingdom, people should content themselves with appearing in the schools for a few days, or with a *Thesis* sustained in a hurry, when the point is to qualify a man for an important charge. Nor is it less surprising, that the study of the *Canon-law* should be neglected, and the *Germans* and *Italians* should be the only people in *Europe* that apply themselves seriously to it. It however must be owned, that the many private conferences held at *Paris* on that subject abundantly make up for the want of the studying it in the schools.

HE did not appear pleased with that multitude of Universities so near one another: he could have wished at least that every College had depended



depended on the University, except those belonging to particular Congregations, who have a government within themselves. He could have wished that their *Theses* were not filled with the names of modern sophists; but the necessity of combating their absurd paradoxes appeared to him a sufficient justification of that conduct. There is, in fact, a time of life, when it is necessary that a person should be able to refute sophists and unbelievers: a young man, though he had a good education, would be at a loss to answer objections off hand, which he had never heard before.



## CHAPTER LV.

### *Of the ACADEMIES.*

THE ACADEMICIANS saw LUCIDOR amongst them, with the greatest pleasure. It was perceptible that they earnestly wished to have his approbation: they obtained it: it was their due.

SOME dissertations replete with researches and ingenuity were read.

IF the *Academy of Sciences*, while it scrutinizes nature, does not always hit upon what it wishes to discover, the reason is, that nature

ture is covered with a veil, which its author often renders impenetrable.

THE Academy of Inscriptions and *Belles-Lettres* seems sometimes to treat of superfluous questions, because people do not reflect, that the history of the world is a point, and that things, in appearance, the most insignificant stand in relation to it.

OUR Philosopher had a long conversation with *M. l'Abbé Barthelemi*, and he was pleased with having heard him.

As to the *French Academy*, it might enrich the language with several new words, and give it some diminutives, which it stands in need of, in order to avoid that redundance, or rather, repetition of epithets, which recur on every occasion: but custom is a tyrant.

THIS was what LUCIDOR said, who was hearkened to with pleasure, though he appeared only as a stranger.

IN vain did they offer him letters of association. Every society of men have the spirit of the body, which is a constraint to liberty of sentiment.



## CHAPTER LVI.

*Of the SORBONNE.*

**H**ERE it is (says our traveller, when he found himself in the midst of the Doctors) that the soul disengages itself from matter, mounts up again to its source, becomes sensible of the excellency of its origin and destination.

A THESIS was maintained in his presence, to prove the agreement between Reason and Faith in the truths of christianity. He could not fail to applaud it. He understood the subject better than all our modish wits, who foolishly pretend that a man acts contrary to REASON, when he believes the mysteries of religion.

HE asked if the number of Doctors was not too much increased; if it would not be better that a smaller number were admitted, so as to render the degree of Doctor more respectable. He was answered in a satisfactory manner, and insisted no more on that subject.—REASON knows when to yield.

HE thought a sufficient subsistence had not been provided for the Doctors, who live in the *Sorbonne*, and that they ought to fare as well

well at least as the Regulars, who are maintained by the community.

HE was shewn a Library that was interesting for the choice of books. Antiquity authenticates manuscripts, and he saw with pleasure, that they were often turned over. All the different branches of Theology, the science of the languages relative to the sacred text, were there cultivated. There are also some profound Naturalists and Mathematicians among the Doctors. The church and the house (monuments of the glory of Cardinal *Richlieu*, and worthy to contain the superb monument of that Eminence) pleased him almost as much as the buildings in *Italy*. He considered them with that eye which lays hold of whatever is great, and is never deceived in the estimate it sets on them.

FROM thence he had a mind to go to a sermon. He was led to a church, where people came crowding as if it had been to a play, with the same dissipation, and the same noise. The Preacher appeared, and by a discourse elegantly superficial, convinced *LUCIDOR* that a taste for the *Bourdaloues* and the *Massillons* was lost. He conversed with some of the Bishops and Rectors of parishes, who proved to him that the Clergy of *France* has all along had men equally virtuous and learned.



## CHAPTER LVII.

*Of the different ESTABLISHMENTS.*

THE MILITARY SCHOOL met with his approbation, as enhancing the Royal Majesty, and doing honour to humanity. He found in it that order which delights REASON, and without which nothing is solid.

Too much pains and attention cannot be employed in the education of the Nobility. Besides that they constitute the strength and glory of a state, they are moreover representatives of ancestors, who signalized themselves by their most glorious actions, the remembrance of which is ever dear.

THE Lessons of the Military School corresponded with its discipline. The most happy emulation subsists between the Officers and the Professors, in making virtue, science, and valour germinate. The pupils formed there announce themselves by their merit as soon as they make their appearance in the world. It is not long before they are known, and justice done both to the vigilance and sagacity of him, who presides over so illustrious an education. LUCIDOR was only concerned to learn, that favour, rather than want, was a title of recommendation to that school.

THESE

THESE reflections did not conceal from the eyes of LUCIDOR that air of grandeur which is seen in the buildings and courts of the *Invalides*. He walked about as in a place enriched with whatever is most noble and pleasing in architecture.

HE was afterwards resolved to go and see himself the different corps which make up the King's Household. Their *Hotels* are so many Academies, where the exercises are performed with the most scrupulous exactitude, and the greatest dexterity. The properest means of serving the country, and of distinguishing themselves, are their most serious employment.

HE saw, with the greatest pleasure, among the *Musquetaires*, the *Chevaux-Legers*, the *Gardes du Roy*, the *Gendarmes*, hopeful young men, who read solid books, and rejected every frivolous performance.

THE discipline of the *French Guards* was a most ravishing sight to his eyes. It was no longer a corps scattered here and there about *Paris*, and enjoying too much liberty, but a regiment, distributed into different barracks, (as neat as they are well built) that distinguishes itself by its good behaviour, by its application, and produces soldiers who compose solid works.

NOTHING more is required than the activity of a zealous Commandant to make military virtues flourish. Good discipline among troops has the advantage over numbers. It is the very soul of armies, and the most certain means of being victorious.

LUCIDOR told the Heads, that it would be very proper that each *Hotel*, as well as each of the barracks, should have a library filled with books relative to the profession of those who lived there, and especially books of history, and such as treated on the art military. Books of this nature at the same time encourage and instruct officers, and remove idleness, the greatest of evils both to the soldier and the officer.

THE Manufacture of the *Gobelins* merited a glance from our judicious traveller. He went thither; and after seeing the beauty of the stuffs wrought there, which appeared rather done with the pencil than the needle, he was surprised that the rich should prefer stuffs of various colours for their furniture; but the fashion is never in the wrong.

HE was led to a work-shop where they were working alabaster, a mine of which has lately been discovered. They make dishes, bustos, candlesticks, and vases of it, and its transparency and different veins have a most beautiful effect: but fashion has not yet given them



them a reputation, though they justly deserve to ornament palaces and cabinets. If any single person belonging to Court was to take a fancy to them, he would bring them into vogue, and then, whoever was without them would not be in the *bon ton*. It is well known, that at *Paris* it is much less the excellency of the thing, than the fashion, that gives it a value; and that even great talents are esteemed only when they have the good luck to please those *Agréables*, whose suffrage alone determines the public taste. Then must a workman or artist lay hold of the opportunity, for the least intermission stops his fortune; a new fashion makes him forgotten.

AND indeed none are more expert than the *Parisians* at laying hold of opportunities: they instantly produce whatever has any relation to some recent event. The merit of novelty effaces the excess of ridiculousness. A book, a print, a picture never fails to take, when presented by fashion. Every body must have them, and after a few days every body grows tired of them.

THESE singularities amused LUCIDOR. More than once have the follies of mankind made REASON smile.

HE was carried to the manufacture of Plate-glass, which he thought equalled that of *Venice*, and to that of Porcelain, which he judged superior



superior to that of *Saxony* for the design, the variety and brightness of their colours; for as to the matter, he found it far less capable of resisting the action of the fire. There are few sorts of porcelain or china-ware that entirely differ from glass.

He had a mind to see the Restoratories, those elegant public-houses, set up by fashion, and he paid dear for his curiosity without being able to get a supper. The dishes served up in them, have little more substance than dew.



## CHAPTER LVIII.

### *Of the POLICE.*

HERE it was LUCIDOR knew again his own work. The respectable Magistrate, entrusted to watch over the safety of *Paris*, could not have gone about his work in a better manner than he has done.—REASON sees things without mistake.

IN fact, nothing is more wonderful than that order, which, reaching from one extremity of the capital to another, is heard in all the streets and all the houses; and notwithstanding the immense multitude of people of all

all countries and all conditions, keeps the peace. A world is no more than a single family, and the night is only a day lengthened out. In the most distant and retired quarters the Police is on the watch, and the Police sees whatever passes.

LUCIDOR wished to know all the different branches of this Police, which are infinite; and in spite of the abuses which are inseparable from that confidence, which must necessarily be reposed in spies (often contemptible wretches) he confessed nothing could be more wisely ordered.

AN immense city, where the passions are artfully suspended; where the villain is forced, as I may say, to be an honest man; where fraud and usury must conceal themselves in darkness, form a picture worthy of admiration.

IT is impossible, no doubt, but that the religion of the Magistrates must be sometimes imposed on by some understrappers, who abuse their employments to oppress others: but scarce is the mischief known, but it is punished. There is not a country in the whole earth, where calumny does not sometimes assume the language of truth.

IT will be ever true to say, that it is a great satisfaction for a citizen to have no uneasiness with regard to his property and his life; to be able to sleep quietly without any other defence

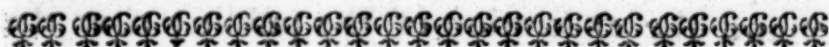
defence than glass-windows between him and the public.

THIS is the effect of a Police, which is entitled to our gratitude every moment. We should not find ourselves possessed of our effects in the morning, but for the faithful watch the Police has kept in the night.

THE Chief Magistrate of the city was the first who extended his care to those dark nights, when there is no moon: *Paris*, which then would be like a forest, is not now without light. The public is indebted to him for those reverberating lamps,\* which, with great savings, give infinitely more light; as also for the schools wherein drawing is taught gratis. As to those adventurers, who raise contributions on the city, either by cheating at play, or by taking an advantage of the credulity of tradesmen, it is not long before he becomes acquainted with them, represses them, or forces them to carry elsewhere their pernicious tricks. He makes memorandums of their persons, their circumstances, their pretended business, their country, and knows how to clear the capital of them: he spares that class of people the misfortune of becoming rogues. A man, who at *Paris* ends his days in the horrors of a public execution, might perhaps have

\* Lamps with a reverberatory plate fixed behind the light.

finished his career like an honest man, if he had lived any where else. Here is seen how true the old proverb is, that "opportunity makes the thief."



## CHAPTER LIX.

### *Of the* PARLIAMENT.

**L**UCIDOR by degrees arrived at that majestic court, which represents the dignity of Kings, and is the depository of their authority.

IN seeing the proceedings of those illustrious Magistrates, whose zeal is equal to their knowledge, he was sensible that they made use of his lights and counsels. Their conferences together always led them to the same conclusion. Nothing approaches nearer to REASON than men of such merit. It was owned "that the Courts of Judicature did not now enjoy the consideration they deserve; that the multiplicity of business caused delays ruinous to the parties; that it were to be wished the pleadings were shortened and the expences were lowered, and that a new code of laws was published."—There are some changes very necessary.

THE



THE rashness of those Lawyers, who fly out into invectives, and think they acquire a reputation by being satirical, was unanimously censured: it was agreed “that a case, drawn  
“up in form of a libel, deserved the flames  
“and the execration of the public: that the  
“eloquence of the Bar ought not to resemble  
“that of the Academies: that a Magistrate,  
“as being invested with a sort of priesthood,  
“could not be too reserved in his discourses  
“and actions. Every man of a public character, without ever affecting pedantry, ought  
“to behave with dignity. Decency is the  
“greatest ornament of dignities.”

EVERY one was desirous to know, who so judicious and so learned a traveller was. He was sometimes taken for a Sage, in search of the knowledge of mankind; sometimes for the Envoy of some foreign power, who kept *incognito*. There was no discovering him from any unguarded expressions: all his conversation was seasoned with the salt of wisdom, but void of affectation and study.

THE Magistrates would not quit him: they are judges of merit, and remarkably fond of science and truth.

“It is now almost sixty years,” said to him an able Lawyer, “that I have consecrated my  
“days and my nights to the service of my  
“fellow-citizens. I am taken up in the even-  
“ing

“ing with their concerns, I fly, as soon as  
“morning appears, to give my whole atten-  
“tion thereto, without any other ambition,  
“than that of doing my duty. The military  
“man gives his life for his country, and the  
“business is often over in a moment; I sacri-  
“fice mine every minute, by depriving my-  
“self of every pleasure and wasting my health.

“STUDY rendered me a skeleton, when I  
“was only thirty-six years of age. My body,  
“which I despise, puts up with my way of  
“thinking; and my soul, which I esteem  
“above every thing, serves me in a happy  
“manner.

“THE glory of assisting the widow and the  
orphan compensates for all I suffer, and for  
“whatever is disagreeable in my profession. I  
“wait only for a happy death as the salary  
“for my labours: that is my whole recom-  
“pence; eternity will afford me a rest long  
“enough.

“THOUGH I have ever lived in a state of  
“mediocrity, I leave my children the richest  
“of patrimonies, an incredible love for the  
“public good, a perfect indifference with re-  
“gard to the good things of this world. I  
“desire, with all possible ardour, that, like  
“their father, they may waste themselves out  
“in the service of the state.—A man is never  
“great, but when he is useful.”

REASON embraced the venerable interpreter of the law: he was deserving of that distinction.



## CHAPTER LX.

### Of ETIQUETTES, or FORMALITIES.

LUCIDOR could not quit *Paris* without remarking, that the *French*, though with the easiest air in the world, were dependent on a multitude of slavish customs. Their love for liberty is restrained by a little vanity. They calculate with a most scrupulous attention, when they write to a person, whether *Sir* or *Madam* is to be written in the first line, or at the top of the letter, like a centry on horseback; and whether *your most humble and most obedient servant* be not too near or too remote from the last words.

NOR are they less attentive to their scrapes and bows. The meanest understrapper in office, will now dispute with himself how he is to take leave of you, or how he is to accost you. Too great politeness is apprehended to be degrading, as if there were any danger in shewing civility.

HE

HE laughed heartily to see men approach one another with a yard-wand in their hand, and measure their bows, and their steps. A stiffness of behaviour is the consequence of luxury; a man considers himself as a person of distinction, if he have laced ruffles or a diamond ring. Nothing can be more convenient for those who have no merit of their own; for I never will believe that men of real merit ever can be vain.

THERE are undoubtedly proportionate acts of politeness to be observed; but it is always wrong to be punctilious. The *Etiquette* is troublesome even at Court, tho' that be its element; for if it be the daughter of grandeur, it is the mother of wearisomeness.

HE finished his observations on the Capital with a sight of *St. Dennis*, that famous Abbey, the depository of the ashes of our Kings. The spectacle of what swallows up all human grandeur was worthy of REASON, after having cast an eye on so many glittering objects. He was shewn some *Mausoleums*, which made him wish for those of *Henry the Fourth* and *Lewis the Fourteenth* (why have they none?) and a treasury not to be mentioned, when a person has seen that of *Loretto*, valued at three-score millions of livres.



## CHAPTER LXI.

*He runs through the ORLEANOIS, and the  
BLAISOIS.*

THE banks of the *Loire* succeeded to those of the *Seine*, a prospect the most capable of affording comfort to a traveller that quits *Paris*. On every side there is nothing but hills and enchanting meadows, where the eye, from distance to distance, discovers country-seats and towns that charm by their situation.

HAVING passed through *Etampes*, a town consisting entirely of public-houses, and of an endless length, LUCIDOR found himself, before he perceived it, in the midst of ORLEANS. He hoped to have found there that urbanity, which the neighbourhood of *Paris* supposes; but he perceived that trade had diffused an air of rudeness, not pleasing to a stranger; and the remark was made by the inhabitants themselves.—People of sense, without difficulty, own their defects.

HE discoursed with some scholars, whose knowledge in different branches was not superficial (the people of *Orleans* are fond of talking) and he was equally pleased with the *Presidial*\*, and Law-school. As to trade, it is

\* A special court of judicature in France.

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carried on with activity and spirit: several of the inhabitants, reckoned to be worth millions of money, are a proof of it.

When he was told, that the Library of the *Benedictine* Monks was a public one, he asked why they did not render the same service in all the towns, as they have all along had men of great erudition among them.

THE CATHEDRAL, a monument that merits the attention of the curious, appeared to him much less beautiful within than without. The work on the out-side has a noble delicacy that forces admiration. The honour of finishing that magnificent building seems to be reserved for *Monfieur De Jarente*. To compleat such a work would be rendering one's self immortal.

THE Mall drew the attention of our Philosopher: it is beautiful, though inferior to what the people of *Orleans* say of it: they are a little too enthusiastically admirers of their city, which they ought at least to lighten. The Police there is not watchful; the very streets are seldom swept.

THE BRIDGE was examined, as the best certificate in favour of the Directors of the Bridges and Highways: it displays in the eyes of all travellers their talents and knowledge, and shews of what advantage such a company is to a state.

THE sight of the Gardens in the environs of *Orleans* would make one believe that country better deserved the title of the *Garden of France* than *Touraine*, had not custom prescribed against it.—A man passes for singular, if he attacks a received opinion.

LUCIDOR, in passing through *Clery*, forgot not the Mausoleum of *Lewis XI.* He saw the Monarch on his knees before his beloved *good Virgin*, in the posture of a suppliant asking pardon for the murders he had committed, or permission to commit others; for such was really the madness of that Prince, whose cruelty, as represented by all Historians, equalled his superstition.

BLOIS, recommendable for its situation, and still more for the politeness of the inhabitants, seems to invite strangers to take up their abode there. The common people are civil, they speak properly, and find in their industry the means of giving a value to the different bagatelles, which they sell at a high price.

'Tis pity, that play, as in all other places, should here likewise spoil all company; since its original design was to entertain company. At *Blois* people meet for no other end, than to handle the cards; and wit, which, in that town, would make its party good, as being lively and natural, has scarce time to drop a few words.

SOME

SOME however escape the torrent of custom, and such LUCIDOR chose for his company. They spend their time in discoursing together, and taking a walk on the terraces of the Bishop's palace, where they enjoy a most beautiful prospect, which is the triumph of the eyes.

THE CASTLE, which now suggests to the mind nothing but the remembrance of events consigned to history, afforded an opportunity to speak of the *Guises*, their ambition, and tragical end\*. Palaces, after a few ages, only serve to shew the revolutions of fortune, and the ravages of time. They become a keeper's lodge, and a retreat for owls.

HE was told, a weed as fine as silk afforded the cream of the country; a cream so delicious and famous!—Nothing escapes the eye of a judicious traveller.

HE made an excursion into the environs of the town, where he met with some people, who had made a bad use of their reading, which to him was a torment.—There are people, who turn the best reading into a poison.

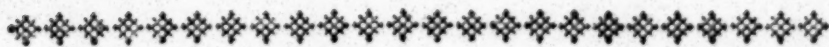
THE new manufactures of *Amboise*, established under the most favourable auspices,

\* In the black chamber of this castle, the Duke of *Guise*, and his brother the Cardinal, were both killed by order of *Henry III.* in the year 1588, and their bodies were burnt to ashes in a large fire-place in the hall.



for the clothing of the troops, and the advantage of the state, could not fail of interesting our Philosopher. They have given a new birth to the town, which stood in need of that aid.

It is perhaps one of the most essential parts of government, to know how to establish manufactures in a proper manner, either with respect to their number, or the places of their establishment. If they are established in any wrong place, they languish; if their number be too great, they depopulate the country, and become a reciprocal prejudice to one another. A genius for combination is the compass of a state. *Chantelou* merited the suffrages of *LUCIDOR*, as an abode formed to be admired.



## CHAPTER LXII.

*Of TOURAINE, VENDOMOIS, and  
CHARTRAIN.*

**T**OURS, a city no way answerable to the beauty of its environs, has something languid in its appearance: this, according to *Tasso*, is an effect of the temperature of the air, and the softness of the soil. The inhabitants

tants

tants do not so much as think of any means of raising again a commerce which is on the point of being reduced to nothing. There are not ten houses in the town worth four hundred thousand livres.

LUCIDOR however admired the numerous plantations of mulberry-trees, and made some acquaintance with very sensible Magistrates and Merchants. He judged that opening fairs, with certain franchises, would be a sure means of giving new life to the country; and he discoursed on that subject with some who approved his plan.—It is with towns, as with individuals; they must be roused, when they become paralytic.

“Emulation,” says a man of judgment to him, “is what we want. People here like good living, but neglect their understanding, which would be adequate to every thing, if they had but courage to cultivate it. A native of *Tours* must be transplanted to make a fortune. After all, we are a set of honest people; families live in great union; and if our connexions appear to be less a work of the heart, than of what a certain decorum requires, they are only the more durable on that account.”

OUR traveller perceived that the mildness of the climate had an influence on the manners: but he remarked that the epithet of  
*Sneerers*

*Sneerers* was given without reason to the inhabitants of *Tours*. Though they are not of a melancholy cast, or much taken with the wit and talents of strangers, they always receive them with great politeness. In most of the provinces, a man who can play at cards, is preferred to a man of knowledge: learning moreover often makes a man more feared than sought after.

THE women appeared to him very amiable; they have a natural modesty that eclipses all paint and art.

HE was surprised to find only one single writer among the Ecclesiastics, whose number is great: but he was better pleased to see them fulfil the duties of their charge, than run the career of an author.—Study is often a hindrance to regularity.

HIS attention was particularly fixt on the church of *St. Martin*, a monument respectable for its antiquity, but not visited by such crowds of pilgrims as formerly.—Devotion changes as it grows old.

HE was pleased to hear the elogiums bestowed on the Archbishop, *M. de Fleury*, and the Intendant, *M. du Cluzel*, the more as those elogiums were the voice of truth: flattery had not the least share in them.

HE often took a delightful walk in the Mall, which is rendered charming by its terraces,  
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its trees and length; \* but is in itself a beautiful solitude. Nobody comes near it, except on Sundays, toilet-days, and days of rest.

HE visited the Abbey of *Marmoutier*, a building whose architecture is monstrous; and after seeing a fine Church, a Library, and an immense Refectory, he went away.

HE admired the industry of the inhabitants, who contrived themselves dwellings cut out of the rock, and stopt to consider the different prospects that presented themselves on every side, and formed the most beautiful landscapes.

A BRIDGE was then building, which looked like *Penelope's* web; but the fine effect it will have when finished, will make up for the length of time it has been executing. It had been long since finished, if the dependence on a river, as capricious as the *Loire* is, had not retarded the work.

PLESSIS-LES-TOURS, remarkable only for being the abode of *Lewis XI.* furnished him with many reflections. He considered it as a palace, which now-a-days a tradesman would not live in. The years passed away since the death of that Monarch are so many steps by which luxury has mounted to its present height.

\* A thousand paces, or a mile.



THE Convent of the *Minims*, which was both the cradle of their Order, and the grave of their Founder, being annexed to the Castle of *Plessis*, LUCIDOR went through it without finding in it any thing interesting.

THOUGH he looked very fresh, and had all the appearance of good health, he must needs be let blood. It is the custom at *Tours* frequently to brace a vein; but REASON requires reasons to be persuaded.

A JOURNEY to *Veret*, a castle belonging to the Duke d'*Aiguillon*, in a most beautiful situation, was proposed to him. He accepted the offer, charmed with seeing a place celebrated by *Madame de Sevigné*, and lately embellished with whatever is most noble and beautiful in architecture. Here it was that the Abbé *Rancé* formed the project of reforming the Abbey of *la Trappe*.

CHENONCEAU, a castle which a singular taste has built astraddle over the river *Cher*, and which, by that singular position, forms an astonishing sight, could not escape his curiosity. He examined both the inside and outside with a real satisfaction, but was better pleased with the sight of it, than he would have been with living in it.

HE found *Touraine* agreeable only near the river-sides (but it is watered by five considerable ones) and that the fruit, except the plumb

plumb and the *alberge*, a sort of forward peach, were no better than in other countries. He was astonished at all the considerable estates, which embellish this province: they are counted by dozens.

WHEN he was shewn *Richelieu*, a castle so magnificent and so ill situated, he could not help saying, that it was a diamond buried in the mire. There are neither roads nor rivers to get at it.

HE must have passed rapidly through *Loches*, for he just barely mentions its name, without making any remarks on it.

HE thought it a duty to visit the little town *La Haye*, as a place famous for the birth of DESCARTES, but which gives no idea of the *subtle matter* and vortexes of that great philosopher. After he had seen the chamber he was born in, and which never was a stable; as M. *Voltaire* positively asserts it to have been, (unless it was the custom formerly to drive the horses up one pair of stairs) he set off, and got, by some very bad roads, to *Vermandois*.

VENDOME, which is no longer known, but for a famous Abbey, and a distinguished College, did not appear to him an indifferent place to live in; but the town, though intersected by different canals, has not a single public walk; which shews the negligence of the inhabitants. He found them witty, espe-

cially the women, whose conversation charmed him. 'Tis a pity there should be, from time to time, dissensions among them. Discord is the darling sin of small towns.

WHEN he got to *Chartres*, he found the inhabitants at cards, and had no other resource than in the account he made them give him of the antiquity of the place, of which the Cathedral makes the principal part. Its two steeples would be curious, were they not of an unequal height.

HE ran through *la Beauce*, which unites not the agreeable with the useful; but in quality of a nursing mother, is preferable to all the coquettes. She is not dressy, she is not comely, but she affords wheat, which grows there wonderfully, without the new method of some modern Cultivators. He was desirous to see the Library in a Convent where he lay, but the key had been lost seven months before.

CROSS-ROADS were his way to RENNES; he met with several small towns and large villages, in which the women with their jackets of printed callico, and a knot of rose-coloured ribbons on their heads, and wooden shoes, pretend to give themselves the airs of the *Paris* Ladies, and affect to speak fine.—Vanity is the mother of whatsoever is ridiculous.



## CHAPTER LXIII.

*Of BRITTANY, MAINE and ANJOU.*

**B** RITTANY, though long since united to *France*\*, still retains some usages peculiar to itself. This was what LUCIDOR observed at his first arrival there. He was introduced to persons recommendable for their openness. That old sincerity, which has insensibly disappeared to make room for refinement and deceit, is still found among the *Bretons*. But as there is no having virtues without some mixture of vice, they are accused of being a little too passionate.

THE common people appeared to him much attached to religion, which may arise from their scarce reading any thing; for if people read ever so little now a-days, they insensibly become familiarized with bad books.

HE remarked that the Nobles were either too poor or too rich, and that moderate fortunes among the Gentry were not so common, as every where else.

THE good heart of the *Bretons* charmed him: they were constantly inviting him to dinner; but he laid their table less under

\* By the marriage of Francis I. with Claudia one of the heiresses of Brittany in 1532.



contribution, than their wit. Whenever the conversation becomes animated, and a subject that interests them is brought on the carpet, both their thoughts and expressions are nervous and strong.

THE Peasants appeared to him less miserable than in other places, and the common people very merry.—To know how to amuse the public, is sound policy.

HE thought it strange, that under pretence of letting Nobility and Gentility lye dormant, Gentlemen should undertake employments incompatible with their rank; nor could he recover from his surprise, till he reflected that here below every thing was convention.

HE wished for hands and arms to clear those immense heaths, where nothing is seen but loose sand and useless weeds: “here, says he, is a fine field for Cultivators to exercise their zeal;” but theory is much easier than practice.—Neither strength nor money is required to amuse a company with talk.

THE time he spent at RENNES gave him an opportunity of talking on politics. It is a subject the inhabitants understand, and they eagerly seek out a stranger that can reason, without losing however any thing of their loftiness. It is pity that the air a person breathes there is somewhat heavy and foggy; which does not agree with all constitutions: this

this however is compensated by the company you meet with.

THE Merchants of NANTZ would not let LUCIDOR depart, till they had introduced him into a private house, where they meet. There people read, converse and play at cards, and it is a very proper place to know what is passing in the literary and political world. It were to be wished that every commerical town would follow the like example, and especially that of doing honour to their business. NANTZ is one of the best fortified places of the kingdom.

THOUGH the whole of the town taken together is not beautiful, its different parts have beauties that please a Traveller. The *Fosse* (a street so called) is too irregular to please the Connoisseurs. It is a range of unequal houses, the balconies of which are almost constantly disfigured with linen hanging out to dry. One would take it to be a part of the town inhabited only by washerwomen. The Police ought to attend to this.

HE heard so much talk of the winds that either retard the Vessels, or bring them into port, that he imagined himself to be in the den of *Æolus*. It is pretty much the daily conversation of sea-faring people.

HE took a view of BREST as of a town very remarkable for its port, and the Officers

of the Navy to be met with there. He relished their conversation, and having admired the Play-house, he set off for L'ORIENT.

THIS town, which takes its date from only about fifty years ago, has the merit of novelty; but besides that the houses shew in the inside, that they were built in a hurry, the inhabitants, who come from every part of *France*, are consequently of very different characters. It is a very tour of *Babel*: nothing but a love of gain keeps them together.

LUCIDOR found good company at VANNES, at AUVRAY (an agreeable country when a person has spent two or three days in it) at QUIMPER, at MORLAIX, at GUINGAN, and very fine roads to them. He was pleased with the frankness of the inhabitants of St. MALO, though their first appearance has an air of roughness.

LE MAINE shewed him a set of industrious people. LAVAL is a town, where a constant labour entitles the inhabitants to eat; this they do to perfection, nor is their understanding clouded by it. It is a misfortune that the men should live by themselves, and that the women, so fit for company, should be, in a manner, abandoned. He could not approve of that practice, a relic of Gothic manners; and having very civilly expressed his sentiments on that point, he set off.

A



A dullish sort of a country, strewed with Gentlemen and Parsons always at law, was the only prospect he had, till he came to MANS, a very uneaven town, but otherwise agreeable for the good company found there. The language does not correspond with the understanding of the inhabitants. They think quickly, and speak slowly. They have a custom of drawing out their words, which is very disagreeable to a stranger.

LUCIDOR very acutely reproached them, as a people of an acute understanding, for cultivating the sciences so sparingly, by which means they stifled in themselves a seed that would render them Poets, Orators and Naturalists—sloth daily makes many of the learned miscarry. Natural parts serve a man but badly, when too great confidence is placed in them. Instead of opening to itself an immense career, the mind either gives itself up to trifles, or exercises itself at the expence of its neighbour.

WHEN he learnt that LE MAINE paid a nineteenth part of the tythes of the whole kingdom, so rich and many are the benefices there, he cried out: “beware of simony;” and pitied the poor Parsons, who, with only five hundred livres a year, were in the neighbourhood of others, whose revenue amounted to ten thousand: the deficiencies of the former  
ought



ought to be made up out of the superfluities of the latter: so great a disproportion is truly shocking. Might not pensions be laid on those cures that exceed a thousand crowns, as there are on the Bishopricks?

ANJOU presented him a more smiling aspect than LE MAINE. After he had viewed LA FLECHE like a city in miniature, and its College, as a school memorable for its pupils and buildings, but above all for the order and regularity observed in it, he went on to SAMUR, which, though in the Diocese of ANGERS, has neither the sweetness nor agreeableness of the ANGEVINS.

HE was desirous of seeing the exercises of the *Carabineers*, and was so well pleased, that he owned the *French* troops had no reason to envy the *Prussians* any advantage. This was the work of the Marquis de Poyanne, whose zeal and sagacity merit the highest elogiums.

THE new Bridge, and the new Barracks afforded him great pleasure. There are some objects which a person cannot look at with indifferency.

HE was introduced to some families, that live at a noble rate, and there it was he said, that he had not seen a town, where the Muses were so badly lodged—The College was frightful.

THE CAUSEY, a road worthy of the *Romans*, which runs along the *Loire* from ORLEANS to

AN-

ANGERS, and is ornamented from distance to distance with the pompous buildings of Benedictine-Monks, served our Traveller for a walk. Far different from those frivolous men, who fly from themselves and the places where they are, he often alighted from the carriage to relish the pleasure of sight by the contemplation of a thousand different objects. He payed the Postillions for going slow, as others pay them for going fast—'Tis the way to enjoy the present.

ANGERS detained him for several days, and his stay was more on account of the good behaviour of the inhabitants, than for their learning. He was once at a meeting of the Academy, where an attempt was made to please him. The Academicians suspected he had a critically accurate taste, nor were they mistaken.

THE ANGEVINS want only to be roused. They are naturally slothful, and fond of ease, but this is compensated by an urbanity that charms Travellers, and especially since they have introduced the custom of inviting people more frequently to dinner. Meals, when ceremony and affectation are excluded, are the best band of society.

HE was shewn the Church of *St. Mauritius*, he found it too large for a Chapel, too small for a Cathedral, but very handsome and well  
orna-

ornamented; though it would be proper to take away the grate, which darkens the sanctuary, and put in its place a plain balustrade—But a Dean and a Chapter are not easily persuaded.

THE riding-Academy, notwithstanding the beauty of the buildings, had lost much of its ancient splendor. The number of the *English* that come thither now, is small. They are like the swallows: the fewer of them there are in any place, the fewer come to it.

HE persuaded the City to finish the College; it will be one of the finest buildings in the kingdom according to the plan of it; but people in general are more nice in building stables for horses, than in providing proper accommodations for the Muses.

HE must absolutely go to the assemblies, where they play low, and collate amply. There was a profusion of fruits and cakes, as if they designed not to sup. It is good to keep up some old customs; fashion has usurped but too much ground.

THE schools of medicine and the law appeared to him well filled with pupils. They were training scholars, who were equal to masters, though many students lagged behind through a love of pleasure and play. He did not like their passion for fencing. It not only  
makes



makes men bullies, but is contrary to those professions.

THE CHURCHES appeared to him too numerous. People are not a bit more devout for having many churches, and especially in a town, where the sex, naturally handsome, do not inspire a love of devotion.



## CHAPTER LXIV.

### *Of POITOU and BERRY.*

**B**AD roads, bad lodgings, but good eating and an honest set of people: this is all you find in *Poitou*.

POITIERS, as being the capital, has men of literature, and the company of the gentry is excellent.

THIS city had no longer the advantage of being a country to live in: luxury has every where enhanced the price of every commodity of life.

HE was offered several hunting parties. It is the taste of the country, and unluckily is not sufficiently kept within the bounds of moderation. He met with a *Petit-Maitre*, who thought he did himself great honour, when he publickly declared that LUCIDOR had not  
com-



common sense.—Those, who are devoid of reason themselves, detest REASON.

THE Mall at *Poitiers* is worth the whole city; it is really grand, but much inferior to the *Thuilleries*, though the inhabitants pretend the contrary. He saw a few people scattered here and there, who had the appearance of the wandering shades of *Virgil* in the sixth book of the *Æneis*.

LOUDUN fixt the attention of LUCIDOR, and, as far as he could judge, *Rabelais* went beyond all bounds, when he said: “That when the Devil shewed the son of God all the kingdoms of the world, he reserved to himself, as his own territory, *Châtelleraut*, *Chinon*, *Domfront*, and, above all, *Loudun*.”

IF *Poitou* produced no writers, to make up for that loss, it had brave officers; soldiers are necessary to a kingdom.—The company at *Luçon* was an intercourse of good eating and play, but this cannot be had without wading through mire. The gross cheerfulness, which still prevails among the *Poitevins*, is a proof of a good character.—Laughter is now forced, only because we have lost our frankness or cordiality.

NIORT is particularly pleasing to such as love fairs and markets, and *Châtelleraut* for those who deal in cutlery.

BERRY,

BERRY, though in the very centre of *France*, appeared to him a desert. Even the city of *Bourges* has scarce any inhabitants. No-body is there to be met with; and if a stranger make ever so short a stay, he is believed to have been sent thither into banishment.

THE UNIVERSITY draws together so few students, that it seems to keep *incognito*. The Professors however are able men, and he took a pleasure in hearing them.

SOME Assemblies he frequented, were not sufficiently numerous to excite emulation; but a game at Whist made up for all.

NOTHING is wanting to the Cathedral, which is the most beautiful of the whole kingdom, but the removal of the reading-desk. In depopulated towns custom is law. The inhabitants have not the courage to make any change, though they had enough to destroy a Holy Chapel, which its beauty ought to have preserved. *Iffoudun*, *Chateau-roux*, and even *Le Blanc* afforded him company. The conversation there turns entirely on stale news.

THE fields offered but a melancholy prospect to our Traveller. He did not even find any roads, which are so necessary to give life to a country; he concluded that *France* had too many towns, and that the country would

remain uncultivated, were trade to be briskly carried on in all of them.

HE went through some places, where the conversation of the inhabitants gave him pain : it consisted entirely of endless strings of phrases —Honest fools are more supportable, than ignorant puppies, who pretend to learning.



## CHAPTER LXV.

*Of LA MARCHE and LIMOUSIN.*

IT is a pity that LA MARCHE should be known only for the Tapestry of *Aubusson*. The understanding of the Natives seems surrounded with thorns, and unable to break through them.

LUCIDOR was asked some questions, the nature of which shewed the people were neither curious of literature nor news.

GUERET, as being the capital, displayed some specimens of knowledge that pleased him. All towns cannot be on a level: the small ones have neither the resource of books nor that of conversation. Unless the inhabitants be at cards, the fault of their neighbours of both sexes is sure to be the topic of their dis-

discourse. He stopt at *Dorat* only to dine, but that was with two men of great sense, whom he took care to remember.

LIMOGES shewed him industrious inhabitants. Trade there is brisk, but the sciences seem, in some manner, to be strangers to the place. They are not sought after, and luckily good sense supplies the want of them. Rational people are sometimes more valuable than scholars. Probity makes *Limoges* a safe place. A bankruptcy is a *phænomenon*.

LUCIDOR went about to different places in the country, and found every where a deal of cordiality. If the Gentlemen of *Limoufin* lived less retired at their country-seats, they might cultivate literature. The mind can enrich itself only in the neighbourhood of the sea or navigable rivers. It stands in need of correspondences and communications.

HE was entertained with a particular detail of every branch of husbandry. He must necessarily see all the horses in the whole province; not a single foal was to be missed; luckily they are very handsome. Reason moreover can accommodate itself to practices, times and places.

BRIVE-LA-GAILLARDE, or the *Blithe*, though it have nothing blithe about it, received him, as it does every body else; and *Tulles* looked on him as an extraordinary personage. But



what diverted LUCIDOR, was to take in the fact several spruce and finical Officers, who in the garrisons can find no company, nor any town to their taste on their march, and nevertheless, during a leave of absence, could live in decent hovels, decorated with the name of castles or seats. There they are forced to put up with a miserable bed, be content with a very frugal dinner, follow the country-people at their work, and often enjoy no other sight than that of their sisters, generally very ugly or very clownish. Add to this, that within doors it is almost constantly blind-man's holiday, and their oil stinks enough to poison one.

OUR Philosopher barely passed through the country of *Aunis*, full of the Military and Americans. He stopt however a little at *Rochelle*, where he saw some Academicians, who pleased him. He avoided *Rochefort*, as an unhealthy country. Reason is not a slave to health, but is the Guardian of it.



## CHAPTER LXVI.

*Of ANGOUMOIS, PERIGORD, and SAINTONGE.*

IT was not long before he perceived that *Angoulême* was the country of good living. There was a never-ending succession of entertainments, or rather a manufacture of indigestions.

THE stomach is undoubtedly the grave of the imagination, when the food is too succulent or too strong; wit however broke through in spite of what they eat.

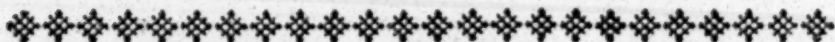
As to the manners, he found them gentle and pleasing. Men that love good eating are seldom ill natured, unless wine be of the party: but, thanks to heaven! drinking is no longer the fashion, though frankness certainly has lost by the change.

ANGOULÊME made our philosopher very welcome. The inhabitants love strangers, and even, in order to please him, they played less, and brought him acquainted with some persons of a cultivated understanding.

NOR was *Perigueux* behind-hand with *Angoulême*. This city assembled the most knowing, and the best *literati* among its inhabitants, and their number exceeded a dozen.

THE nobility and gentry of the country, who are of a very ancient standing, and very eager in quest of preferment, came to visit him. They took their old laced-clothes out of their chests, and then it was they talked of former wars and good wine.—None but a pedant could take that amiss.

SAINTES distinguished itself for a goodness of heart. The *Saintongeais* are generous, and to that rare virtue they add sagacity, or sharpness of wit. You cannot be an inhabitant of the Antichamber of *Gascony*, without being witty. There is however a certain taste wanting to the natives in their choice of studies.



## CHAPTER LXVII.

### *Of GUIENNE and GASCONY.*

LUCIDOR would have made a longer stay at *Bordeaux*, a most charming place for its public walks and situation, if the inhabitants had talked less to him of plays and gaming. He was never accosted, but he was presented with a pack of cards, or a pair of dice, except in the houses of some persons of sense, who know the value of time, and take amusement merely by way of recreation.

OF

OF this character were several celebrated magistrates, and sensible merchants, whose company he chose. He found their knowledge equal to their wit: which is not a common thing in *Guienne*, where people readily neglect all study, under pretext that it is enough to have wit.

THE soul however insensibly grows poor, when no care is taken to feed it. Such was the reflection made by the unknown stranger, but every body did not hearken to it. There were even two *Petit-Maitres*, who made a jest of him: they were scholars, they had read *Candidus*\*. As to the young people of *Bourdeaux*, LUCIDOR thought them very amiable and sprightly.

THE embellishments of the city shewed him what the zeal of an Intendant could do. M. de Tourny has given a new existence to *Bourdeaux*. His memory is there blessed: a piece of gratitude justly due to him.

OUR TRAVELLER could never look long enough at the port to satisfy himself. It is that of *Constantinople* in miniature.

HE was very well pleased to see the merchants so busy, though he could have wished they had been less fond of pleasure and luxury. A commercial town ought to dread pomp and voluptuousness. The best fortunes have no-

\* A silly deistical performance of Voltaire's.



thing to support them, when men cannot keep within just bounds.

HE saw numbers of *Americans*, who spent at an extravagant rate, in hopes of returning to the Islands to recruit their losses. This is so much their usual practice, that the moment of their return is commonly that, when they have no more money left.

THE Booksellers, with whom he wanted to become acquainted, were men of understanding, and had considerable warehouses.

IN large towns there are readers of all sorts; but at *Bordeaux*, as well as in other places, the frivolous had the advantage of the solid. He got a person to read to him some scraps of the new history of *Guienne*, by *Dom de Vienne*, of the congregation of *St. Maur*, and he assured him of the pleasure he received from it.

HE presumed that it could not be very agreeable to the Ladies of a distinguished rank, to find themselves eclipsed, in some sort, at the play-houses by kept mistresses, who affect magnificence, and are pointed at. Sensible people murmured, the *Petit-Maitres* laughed, but custom had prevailed.—This custom is a dreadful tyrant.

HE set off for *Agen*, and found in the inhabitants a genius calculated for commerce and society. He passed through *Villeneuve*, where he saw nothing but little samples of learning  
and

and wit; through *Cahors*, where people are rich only in talk. He stopt at *Condom*, which he named the *Areopagus* of *Gascony*; he afterwards came to *Bayonne*, a town whose inhabitants are of the most lively disposition, after having run through *Saint-Sever* *Cap*, *Dax* and several other places of the same character, in which he remarked, that instead of being jealous, they reciprocally magnified and extolled one another, and were very ambitious. The *Gascons* like to set themselves off, not by spending their money, but by talking of themselves.

“Egad Sir, (said one of them to him) when  
“you see us, you see men who are determi-  
“ned to flash away, either by their glorious  
“actions, or their wit. Our soul is a flint,  
“which we are perpetually striking to pro-  
“duce a light that may shew us: life is mise-  
“rable, when we cannot brighten it. In this  
“world, a man must either have a fortune,  
“live by trade, or at least be able to talk  
“away. We pity a person who dazzles no  
“body. For my part, I had rather be a glow-  
“worm, than remain in obscurity. We hasti-  
“ly quit our country, when our Father’s  
“house has not appearance enough.

“WE like that kind of wit, which is ac-  
“quired from abstracts. A man is always  
“agreeable, when he only slightly runs over  
“any

“any subject. We catch our knowledge flying; the powder takes fire, the piece is discharged, and the victory is ours. So that in point of ready wit, we always make prompt payments; and several amongst us never knew any other coin. After all a single fally of wit is well worth a crown.

“We are taught, from our infancy, the *bons-mots*, and the witty turns that have made the fortune of our country-men: and this spurs us on. Our imagination must furnish us either with resources, or lawful excuses, otherwise we soon fall out with it.”

LUCIDOR was highly entertained with this discourse. He never met a *Gascon*, but he asked him some questions, and they all of them pretended to be younger brothers. “All the eldest brothers, says he, must be lost, or are afraid of owning themselves such, on account of the smallness of their incomes.”—Vanity and sincerity never agree.



## CHAPTER LXVIII.

Of BEARN and ROUSSILLON.

THE remembrance of HENRY IV. led LUCIDOR into the *Bearnois*. Charmed to



to see the cradle of a Prince who did so much honour to REASON, he impressed his lips on the very walls of the Castle, where he was born. He wanted to teach by that action how much we ought to value great men.

HE rummaged every spot to learn some particulars relating to that beloved Monarch ; and he was told at a small town called *Nay*, that HENRY IV. when very young, used to take a pleasure in pricking his fingers with a pin to make them bleed, in order to accustom himself, as he said, to those battles which fate destined for him—Great men generally shew themselves from their infancy.

LUCIDOR found himself transported with that recital. The character of the natives of *Bearn* pleased him singularly. It is a mixture of a frankness and of valour, which bestow an elevation on human nature.

HE stopt a few days at *Pau* without being sensible that he had made any stay there. An agreeable society made him forget the moments. *Petits-Maitres* will never think that any thing pleasing can be found two hundred leagues from *Paris* ; but REASON has neither their taste nor eyes. He found in the *Navarrois* a people that dance as they walk along, and breathe nothing but gaiety.

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ROUSSILLON has the inconvenience of all frontier towns: it is an odd mixture of *French* and *Spaniards*. He was received with an air of grandeur. There is something imperious in the very acts of politeness in that country. He was desirous of persuading the inhabitants to apply more to study; but he came away without prevailing on them; which gave him the more concern, as the inhabitants of *Perpignan* have good natural parts.

HE often admired the *Pyrenees*, those lofty mountains whose summit is lost in the clouds. The sight of them furnishes reflections on the creation and preservation of the world. He walked with a degree of voluptuousness in the midst of the shades they form, and the torrents that rush from their womb. The spectacle of nature is the most interesting sight to REASON.



## CHAPTER LXIX.

### Of LANGUEDOC.

THIS Province could not escape the curiosity of our Traveller. It has ever been the country of Literature, and has ever gloried

gloried in having men of learning amongst its natives.

TOULOUSE pleased him in a most sensible manner: he found there *men*, in spite of luxury and pleasures: but they owned that their city was not to be known again, since they had abandoned their ancient simplicity of manners. They even robbed themselves of their food to purchase laced clothes, and to find money for destructive play. As if real grandeur could put up with such ridiculous œconomy.

THEY moreover dealt in wit, and many contented themselves with culling their learning from extracts. Such is the service that our modern Dictionaries and Magazines have rendered; no appeal from them is admitted by such as read them.

EVERY one was desirous to see the amiable stranger, but only those invited him to dinner, who lived up to their dignity. The houses in general are hermetically closed, when the inhabitants sit down to table. Two stomachs would not be sufficient in *Touraine* and *Angumois*, and one is too much in *Languedoc*.—The appetite is regulated by the custom of a country.

THEY could have wished that LUCIDOR would play; but besides that he did not like to lose his time, he apprehended they might

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be an over-match for him.—Timidity is sometimes prudence.

THE women have a vivacity of language and wit, which a person is never tired with admiring. They have even more knowledge than in other places, and luckily never assume the airs of women of learning.

THE Parliament, the University, the Academy captivated his attention. The manners, the understanding, the accent, the country itself appeared to him very agreeable: every thing there is expressed in the superlative degree.

HE was shewn some buildings, and particularly the Town-house, as very curious monuments, and he admired them.

HE found some devotees of the sex, who anticipated the happiness of the life to come, by their attention to procure themselves every convenience and delicacy in this.

HE discovered that the *Capitoulat* \* caused a decay of commerce; and that in consequence thereof TOULOUSE was become little better than a beautiful desert.—It is impossible that all towns should carry on trade: they must necessarily hurt one another.

HIS daily walk was on the borders of the canal: it deserves to be considered by a traveller. He there recalled to mind the great men

\* The chief Magistracy of Thoulouse.

who

who gave a lustre to the age of LEWIS XIV. and the master-pieces of workmanship that came from their hands; and thence concluded that they were profound, but that we are airy and superficial.

ACCORDING to his maxim, he informed himself of the common law in force there, and, on that occasion, he said, that the same kingdom ought to have throughout the same code, and that it was inconceivable to a man passing from one province to another, why he should find such different modes of settling marriage-contracts, making wills, and conveying inheritances. Nature is every where governed by the same laws, why should she not be followed?

HE was presented with a copy of complimentary verses made in his praise; the *Toulousains* apply to poetry, and he commended them more than he himself was commended, because they were really good.—REASON is a stranger to false modesty.

HIS stay at MONTAUBAN, a city most delightfully situated, procured him the company of several amiable personages. He highly relished their conversation, and it was with regret he set off for BEZIERS.

HE passed through *Nailloux*, where chance brought him into company with a young man of birth, engaging in his person and temper,



but agitated with violent passions. He found the way to his heart, he pitied his situation, he gave him the most affectionate and sensible advice, and at last made a Sage of him.—If we wish our counsels to be efficacious, we must talk like REASON. Peevishness and harshness irritate instead of amending.

BEZIERS, perched on a hill, like a bird on a tree, is an admirable place for such as love good cheer and a good air. He therefore stopt there only to breathe and sup.

THE reputation of MONTPELLIER appeared to him well merited: he found there sense and company, but too decided a taste for pleasure. The passions there are on a ferment like the blood, and it is no small merit to know how to calm them.

THE Faculty of Medicine regaled him with *Theses*, and performances worthy of the approbation of BOERHAAVE. The studies were pursued with fervour, nothing was allowed to imagination, or left to chance; but all that will not hinder Death from going on at its old pace.

THE ground, covered with olive trees, incapable of affording any shade, or of giving pleasure to the sight, convinced him that the praises bestowed on the fields of *Languedoc*, with so much enthusiasm, were excessive, and that they were not to be compared to those of  
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the *Touraine* or the *Orleanois*; but he would enter into no disputes.—It is the worse for those, who are not of his opinion.

HE saw NARBONNE and CARCASSONE, small cities in themselves; but made larger by the sense of the inhabitants. He saw others, in which one whole generation of people seemed to be lost: there were none but old people and children to be seen, not a single person of an intermediate age.

HE went on to NISMES, famous for its Amphitheatre, a Roman work, which, in spite of time, is still pretty entire. He had the complaisance to play at cards, a thing necessary to be done, if you would dine or sup with the *Languedocians*.

HE got acquainted with some men of parts, they are not wanting in that country; but they were not always of the same way of thinking.—Good sense and fine wit are far remote.

SEVERAL Ladies had the art of pleasing him: their manners are easy, their conversation lively, and their reading is proportionate to their rank.

COMMERCE is the support of the city. They make an indifferent sort of stockings, which go off, because they are of a low price; and people will never be persuaded, that what costs little can ever be dear.

HE passed through the CEVENNES, as thro' a country where no one would willingly stop, and where Fanaticism, the declared enemy of REASON, exhibits scenes as ridiculous as they are bloody; and as he ran over the *Rouergne*, he was entertained by men of parts, especially at *Rhodès*, where a *Gascon* genius prevails.



## CHAPTER LXX.

### *Of AUVERGNE.*

LUCIDOR had never heard so much talk of *Nobles* or Gentry, as after he came to this province. He was assailed by a set of Gentlemen, whose names end in *ac*, and which really were of great antiquity, though a man was not obliged to believe all they said on that subject; for he must have been obliged to suppose them to have existed in those ages, of which scarce any thing is known. It is the whim of almost all the Gentlemen who live in the country: they have genealogies unknown to every body else.

AFTER all, the Nobles of AUVERGNE is some of the best in the kingdom: but LUCIDOR, who ever preferred learning to gentility,

tility, could have wished for more knowledge and less antiquity. A man of a cultivated understanding owes his existence to himself; but a man of mere birth, lives only in his ancestors.

CONTINUAL invitations, one after another, led him from seat to seat, where he was loaded with good cheer, and entertained with discourse, which manifested a good heart, but had nothing of the delicacy of the age. The amusements in some country places in *Auvergne* are the same they were in the time of *Francis I.* and whatever may be said against them, perhaps they are preferable to our refinements.—Such at least was the judgment of *LUCIDOR*, a man who loves neither sophisticated wit nor finical manners.

THE sight of these castles or seats made him think, that if a Dictionary were composed containing a detail of all those that still exist in *France*, with notes or remarks relating to their origin, and the great events of which they had been the theatre, it would be highly entertaining, and even necessary. But a work of this nature should be undertaken by the authority of government, and those appointed to execute it, should have orders in writing, and salaries allowed them. Then would every Lord of the Manor lay open his archives, and the work would meet with success.

CLERMONT



CLERMONT was no disagreeable place for our Philosopher to stop at: he was there quite at his ease. Men of profound understanding, and whose knowledge is in no respect superficial, are found there. He remarked only, that they were rather too fond of their own way of thinking: but such is the custom of the country.

HE was often asked if he were a Gentleman or Noble; and as he cut no very great figure in his dress, they would almost have suspected him to have been an adventurer. The greatest part of mankind like to be dazzled. His prudence however and his knowledge served him for a passport.

THE great assemblies received him at first from a motive of curiosity, and concluded with admiring him.

HE was entertained with some great dinners, where the whole time was not spent in eating: some grave matters were discussed; that was his element.

RIOM had several charms for him. The Presidial Court there is equivalent to a Parliament, if we may form a judgment of it from the learning and knowledge of its members. There are seen to shine the most able Counsellors.

ST. FLOUR appeared but a dullish town. Notwithstanding the excessive rigour of the  
cold

cold felt there, scarce is the use of chimneys known. You are discharged from the obligation of being witty, provided you have good sense; which was not displeasing to LUCIDOR.

LIMAGNE enravished him; it is a country as agreeable as it is fertile, and the peasants are extremely industrious; it is pity they should be obstinate and positive; but that is owing to the soil and climate.



## CHAPTER LXXI.

*Of the BOURBONNOIS and BURGUNDY.*

**M**OULINS captivates strangers by its public walks and company. LUCIDOR was there received with pleasure, while, in some other little towns of the same canton (where no other reading than that of an Almanac, or other employment than play is known) he was scarce looked upon.

HE was informed, as he passed through DUN-LE-ROY, that the inhabitants formerly were very superstitious, and gave great credit to stories of apparitions; but that ever since the Bailiff had published an ordinance forbidding spirits to come into the city, the sentence was so punctually executed, that they were now never spoken of.

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HE went through the NIVERNOTS, a country agreeable for its situation; and he remarked that men of literature were held in esteem at NEVERS.

DIJON, a charming spot in itself, and where, to be well received, you must appear with grandeur and titles, entertained nevertheless our Philosopher with a sort of distinction. They excused his dress, in consideration of his noble and graceful appearance. The behaviour of a person, when he comes amongst strangers, is often better than any recommendation. Men of parts have always a resource within themselves. The inhabitants of *Dijon* are sensible; and if they are accused of pride, it is only because they behaved with a sort of dignity.

THEIR discourse turned on all the modern productions. They were acquainted with them, and could judge of them: but frivolous books were too much their taste.—Fashion ought never to decide on the fate of a work.

THE Academy brought him acquainted with men of knowledge, whose conversation had something seducing in it. He read some of the discourses made at the reception of the members, but found in them too much wit. Works of that kind have, generally speaking, only the success of a day, and  
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that is, pretty near, all the honour they deserve; for they only dazzle, but teach nothing.

THE Ladies would constantly have LUCIDOR of their parties, even at the risque of playing less. They had sense enough to guess that his travels would be published, and that *Dijon* would be mentioned in them. Some of the agreeable ones took him for a fool, but that only diverted him.

IT is pity this town should have but a single small stream of water, and that the Mall should be at so great a distance. Some peevish people accuse the inhabitants of ill-nature; but on this occasion the accusers are worse than the accused. It is moreover difficult to have a lively wit, and not to be a little satirical.

LUCIDOR saw the famous Abbey of *Citeaux*, whose Abbot lives almost like a Sovereign.

THE best wines of the country were lavishly produced in favour of the amiable traveller to no purpose; he only just tasted them. They are a nectar, which inspires the happiest fallies. *M. Pyrrhon* found the good effect of drinking them.

AUTUN enjoyed LUCIDOR only a single day, and he spent it with men of parts, who discoursed with him in a manner analogous to his own way of thinking. There it was he gave



gave a civil lecture to a couple of Friars, who would not vouchsafe to return his salute.—Pride is highly ridiculous in people, who make a profession of humility.

LANGRES would have pleased him, had not play constituted the principal occupation of the inhabitants. They scarce know any other way of spending their time, when they meet together.

HE saw BEAUNE, of which a thousand silly stories are told without any reason, and went on to CHALON-SUR-SAONE, by a road which brought to his mind all those now making in *France*, and are so many monuments that immortalize the name of LEWIS XV.

The public walks of CHALON appeared to him ravishing, and they are really so. The town is far from being answerable to them; but the inhabitants are civil, and give strangers a most gracious reception. If they do not entertain them on learned subjects, they make up that deficiency by a goodness of heart. They made much of LUCIDOR, and were unwilling to let him go. They took him for a downright honest man, and were pleased with his frankness. REASON, quite different from wit, makes no parade of what it knows.

WHEN he passed through *Mâcon*, the whole town was assembled in a ball-room. He was unwilling to draw off their attention from so  
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important an occupation. All he could learn concerning the inhabitants, was that they sometimes read, to be able to speak on the subject of literature, and that there were some among them, who had cultivated their understanding. The country-places were stocked with women as neat as genteel, who put him in mind of the Shepherdesses of Romance.

HE was for going to BOURG-EN-BRESSE at first, but was dissuaded from it; however he went thither, and found very good company. REASON, quite different from the great ones, sees things with its own eyes, and is not determined by prepossession. He relished very much an author, whom the people of the country held in no great esteem. It is commonly the fate of Writers to be esteemed only where they are not. What is every day seen, no longer appears wonderful.

HE forgot not to visit the Church of the *Cordeliers*, in which are some fine marble *Mausoleums* of the House of *Savoy*, and an antique clock, one of whose wheels turns but once about in an age.

HE was desirous of seeing TREVoux, more famous for the *Journal* that bears its name, than for any it is in itself: in reality he saw only the shadow of a city. DOMBES had some inhabitants, whose conversation was interesting; but learning is always shackled in small

towns. People there neglect themselves in spite of their teeth, and the worst of it is, they are very often unwilling to own it. It was a saying of *Boileau*, that little towns were like little men or women, generally very vain.



## CHAPTER LXXII.

### *Of* FRANCHE-COMTÉ.

**H**E remarked that the natives of *Franche-Comté* willingly enter either the cloister or the army: a thing the more surprising, as they are not fond of subjection. Their volatile disposition does not allow them to apply to the sciences, though very capable of them, especially those of the mountainous parts; but they have a good heart. This he experienced in every town through which he passed. He found in them a set of the most obliging people, equally void of affectation and duplicity. —Candour is the more wonderful, as it is now become exceeding rare.

BESANÇON pleased him by its fortifications, but still more by its company. The military added to the value of the latter, and you are always sure to find there both very amiable women, and very sensible men. He had some  
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conversation with them on the sciences, tho' interrupted by play. Play is necessary, when not carried too far: it makes those who are not capable of conversation, or will not be at the pains of talking, quite at their ease. Whatever ties the tongue, may pass for good in some degree.

HE was laid hold of as a person, whom it was an advantage to hear talk. Some very excellent things were said, and it were to be wished we had them.

HE found several people, who were perfectly content with mere existence. The natives of *Franche-Comté* are not tormented with emulation. If you except DOLE, SALINS, GRAY, POLIGNY, LONS-LE-SAUNIER, literature and the sciences are known only by some *journals* that seem to have lost their way, and to have straggled thither by chance. Provisions are cheap, and that advantage they enjoy, without any one troubling his head concerning the administration of the vast universe.

CHANCE led our Philosopher into a Convent of Monks. Not a word was said either about news or books, but they gave him an excellent dinner. There are people, who would give all the Newspapers in the world, and even all the Libraries, for a good meal. The Libraries however are extremely well fur-



nished in almost all the monasteries of the country.



## CHAPTER LXXIII.

*Of the LYONNOIS.*

VILLE-FRANCHE, small as it is, was not an indifferent object in the eyes of LUCIDOR. He had, from some time past, been acquainted with men there valuable for their talents, and he saw them with pleasure. They discoursed with him on their Academy, which continues still to support itself with distinction, but cannot proceed with that fervour and spirit, which a great number of members inspire. A certain heaviness seems to fall to the lot of all small towns; the soul requires some striking spectacle to rouse it.

THE sight of LYONS was an interesting one to our traveller. Immense in the extent of its commerce, and the number of its inhabitants, it was a representation of *Paris* in his eyes. It is, of all the towns in *France*, that which most resembles the capital, whatever the inhabitants of *Marseilles* and *Bordeaux* may pretend; but this they will never own.—Prejudice is incurable.

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HE cast his eyes around him on every side, and saw so many manufactures, so many warehouses, so many workmen, that his sight was fatigued. Gold there is displayed with equal magnificence and docility. It is seen to spread itself on a thousand different stuffs, and to intermix with silk in a taste superior to all expression. The change of fashions adds to its beauty. Each year gives it a new lustre. Industry emulates nature.

THE Sovereigns of the north and south come to LYONS to dress, and from thence *Paris* borrows the taste that rules the mode, and gives the *ton*.

OUR traveller therefore could not help saying, that the inhabitants of *Lyons* were the fittest people in the world to carry on a manufacture. They have patience, and a genius capable of producing the most elegant and most magnificent stuffs. Those wrought in other places are no more than an imperfect imitation of them.

HIS acquaintance with some members of the Council-chamber, and some associates of the Academy, enabled him to see the full extent of the genius of the country. He neglected not the company of the Merchants; they have a knowledge that renders them truly recommendable; but he was surprised to find some amongst them, whose language

was clownish, notwithstanding the elegance of their dress. A fortune seldom corrects a bad education. *Lyons* is like other great towns; people flock thither from all countries; and the strangers who settle there, have not always had the best education.

THE entertainments they gave him displayed opulence. Trade is the parent of riches. He was very much pleased with the conversation and behaviour of the women. They have a genteel air, which birth does not always give.

THE square of *Belcourt*, which he saw on a holiday, appeared to him a second tome of the *Thuilleries*. The richness of the dresses made it a most enchanting Mall. The Prism itself cannot present the eye a greater number of variety of colours.

THE College could not escape his examination. Studies not only flourish there, but the Library is a monument known to all travellers. He examined it minutely, but could not however find any of those scarce books, which are a treasure to the curious.

THE noble simplicity that distinguishes the Church of *Lyons*, and has freed it from a multitude of practices used every where else, was much to LUCIDOR's taste. Nothing is more majestic than a monument of venerable antiquity,

quity, whatever luxury and fashion may object.

AFTER he had attentively considered the town, where the buildings, the quays, and above all the junction of the *Rhone* and *Saône*, form the most charming landscape, he visited the Archbishop's palace, and the country seat that belongs to it: they are two objects extremely interesting to a curious traveller.

HE afterwards made an excursion into the country: there are delightful houses to which strangers are freely invited, and where the citizens of *Lyons* spend their money at a noble rate.

SOME accuse them of a want of sincerity, but it was not LUCIDOR who pronounced that judgment. REASON has grounds for judging more favourably of them.

IT was but just that he should see *le Forez*, and walk along the banks of the *Lignon*, so agreeably sung by the Author of *Astræa*.

MONTBRISON, though a small town in itself, appeared to him very large, on account of the men of genius it has produced. The understanding seems to delight in being there, more than any where else.



## CHAPTER LXXIV.

*Of the VIVAREZ and COMTAT-VENAISSIN.*

HE went on to *Pui en Valey*, because it was his road, and found the inhabitants (except the Bishop of the place, *M. de Pompignan*, and a few others) entirely taken up with good cheer and play, in order, no doubt, to forget the horrid situation of the town.

THE VIVAREZ shewed him nothing but a plentiful country, where living is cheap, and where nothing relating to literature or the *Literati* was known, but by hearsay, or by some pamphlets brought thither by the King's guards. They suffered the stars and events to roll their course, without attending to their revolutions; nor were the people less happy on that account. *Vivarez* however, as a capital, might boast of having some men of understanding in her; but she is modest, and never speaks of them.

As to the COMTAT, so often disputed with the Popes, and so well situated to belong to *France*, he found there a great deal of sense and erudition. Some spice of *Ultramontanisin* spoiled the studies; but every new government introduces a new manner of teaching.

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IF the inside of AVIGNON corresponded to its outside, it would be one of the first cities of the kingdom. The air is salubrious, only when purified by the wind. You find there a distinguished Nobles, but who by means of bows and compliments, artfully excuse themselves from inviting you to dinner. Their fathers did so formerly, the sons do the same now. There is moreover an excellent Inn in the town.

HE visited some Covents well provided with men of parts. Ambition gives all the Religious that belong to *Italy* a taste for labour. They wish to become Bishops, or at least Theologians to some Cardinal; whereas in other places a man must either be a Count or a Marquis to govern a diocese.

CARPENTRAS and CAVAILLON were successively visited, and the inhabitants were eager to become acquainted with our Philosopher. He made no difficulty of owning that taxes would destroy sluggishness, and force the people to work. The soil itself is good, and stands in no need of any other help, provided the taxes were duly proportioned to it.

HE was shewn several vestiges of the Popes who abode at *Avignon*. The residence of Sovereigns is a source of reparations and embellishments for the country. Their presence, like that of the sun, brings fertility and life.

FOUR Bishoprics in so small a territory, made him remark, that dioceses are much better governed, when of small extent, and that the Bishops, being then less rich, are the more plain, and have less of ostentation.—Opulence is the destruction of good morals, and a seed of pride.

THE fountain of *Vaucluse*, so famous among the Poets, and so capable of making Poets by the pleasing thoughts its purling streams inspire, fixed his attention for a long time.—REASON delights in objects which afford matter of thought.

HE could not drag himself away from *Lille*, that town which seems to rise from the bosom of the waves, and overlooks an immense tract of country, intersected by a multitude of rivulets and trees; but to stay there, a man must devote himself to solitude. There is scarce any company to be found there, but *Jews* and a few tradesmen. Unfuitable society is a real torment.

FORMERLY strangers ran to the *Comtat* for the sake of cheap living. Those happy days are past. Luxury and bad crops have made every thing dear.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

## Of PROVENCE.

SCARCE had LUCIDOR set his foot in this delightful country but he was sensible of all its advantages. The wit of the inhabitants corresponds with the beauty of the climate, and the imagination participates of the warmth of the sun. *Provence* was the cradle of those most eminent preachers, MASSILLON, MOLINIER, SURIAN, RENAULT.

AIX possesses men of learning, MARSEILLES men of genius, ARLES amiable women; but a spirit of ambition or intrigue reigns universally. He discovered that vice in some persons who had the greatest air of modesty.—Ambition is hard to conceal.

IN proportion as he went about *Marseilles*, a city as beautiful as it is noisy, luxury with an escort of every passion presented itself to his view.

HE was introduced to some of the principal Merchants, and he saw at their houses, either in the furniture or at table, an epitome of the four parts of the world. Commerce collects things the most scarce, and from the most distant parts.

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THE PORT, a rendezvous of all nations, appeared to him a world. It is the most stirring and best peopled spot in all *France*. Numbers embark there for every country in the whole universe, and there the greatest fortunes are exposed to risque and hazard.—The things of this world turn only on uncertainties.

HE found that the sight of the *Bastides*, (those country-seats which are an ornament to, and overlook *Marseilles*) formed a most enchanting landscape, but at the same time he thought them too small and too near together not to be inconvenient to those who live in them.—A Philosopher fears not the eyes of the public; but every man is not a Philosopher.

HE could have wished that libertinism would cease to shew itself so publicly; that all those *Mercuries*, with which the city abounds, were severely punished; that a stop were put to usury; that there were a taste for sensible and solid reading; that there were less of pride in the commerce of life.—But the wishes of REASON are not those of the public.

YOU breathe pleasure at *Marseilles* as you do the air; and without a very strict guard on himself, a man soon contracts effeminate manners. The multiplicity of occasions, the mixture of nations, the heat of the climate, all contribute to the triumph of voluptuousness.

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HE was desired to assist at one of the sittings of the Academy; and he there discovered the genius of the country in nervous expressions, grand thoughts, bold images. The wit of the *Provençals* boils like their blood. Their fallies have quite a different force from those of the *Gascons*.

THE women feel the effects of this fermentation. They are as terrible in their anger, as they are lively in their conversation. There is no being tepid or tired in their company. Nothing can be more amiable than they are, when they can restrain their warmth of temper; but that is an effort which costs them a deal of trouble.

AIX would have been the adopted residence of LUCIDOR, had he settled in *Provence*. The Magistrates enchain the minds of the citizens by that genius which animates them, and they make the laws beloved by the beauty of their eloquence.

ONE day as our traveller was taking a walk in the *Cours* or Mall, he met two men engaged in a warm dispute concerning what is called *Reason*. One of them pretended that it was no more than a chimera realized by prejudices: the other asserted that it existed independent of all opinions whatever. They were just going to address themselves to LUCIDOR, and to choose him for Umpire, but they im-

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mediately

mediately changed their mind. "That traveller, said they to one another, will not even understand what we are about. He is, we may depend upon, like so many others, who go about the world, and know nothing at all."

HENCE it appears how little knowledge they had in physiognomy, and one is easily persuaded that they were not *Provençals*. These have a more certain and finer touch.

THIS little scene highly entertained our Philosopher: he related it with pleasure.

TOULON afforded him an opportunity of discoursing on what relates to the marine; and there he told some very amiable and sensible officers, that it was very wrong to neglect *Ambleteuse* in *Picardy*, which might turn to great advantage, if proper use was made of it.

HE was in general exceedingly pleased with the reception he met with from the *Provençals*; they love dress and outward show, but their meals are miniature-paintings.

ALL the small towns were strewed with men of wit; the productions of the age were known in them, and several had there received their birth. He went to the assemblies, and some metaphor or other ever kept up the attention. That figure gives the greatest boldness to discourse, and the *Provençals* make frequent use of it.



THE country appeared to him less rich than pleasing: it is, according to *Monf. Godeau*, a beggar-wench perfumed. It has olive-trees, myrtles, and orange-trees; but has neither woods, meadows, or scarce any wheat. Its hills appear fit only to feed sheep. It is a dry and stony soil, where nothing grows but wild thyme.

THE language of the common people has great affinity to the *Italian*; and *LUCIDOR* remarked very judiciously on that occasion, that above half of *France* did not speak *French*.

He saw some Bishoprics, that are called honourable exiles, on account of their distance from *Paris*, and the scantiness of their incomes. *Cardinal de Polignac* therefore, in a jest, used to call the Bishops of those Sees, *Country-Bishops*. However the greatest Prelates have come from these Bishoprics. It is neither the extent nor revenue of a diocese that constitutes the merit of the Pastor. The GREAT BOSSUET was never more than Bishop of *Meaux*.



## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### Of DAUPHINÉ.

THIS province, which has given its name to the presumptive heirs of the crown, notwithstanding it is surrounded with mountains,



tains, is nevertheless very agreeable. *GRENOBLE* is the resort of the best company. The inhabitants are pleasing, witty, rational, and have an acuteness, which one would almost take for cunning.

IT is the capital of a country, wherein are found the best Inns, though they have often the appearance of mere huts. A fine outward show does not always make houses convenient within.

THE inhabitants took a pleasure in engaging *LUCIDOR* in a dispute with the most penetrating and learned amongst them. The triumph was always on his side. *REASON* has ever the advantage over wit, and its lights are the compass to steer by in the pursuit of all the sciences.

THE women endeavoured to make a friend of him, and they succeeded, except a few finical prudes, who disdained to take any notice of him; he was too plain and unaffected for their taste.

IF dissipation had not gained an ascendant over the understanding, *Grenoble* would be a town, where the sciences might be cultivated with the greatest success. The people of *Dauphiné* have every disposition requisite to form men of learning. This was what our traveller told them, nor were they displeased with it. The Nobles added a lustre to their country.

Numbers

Numbers of ancient families are found there, but their riches are often no more than old sheets of parchment.

HE went through the country in the neighbourhood, and in visiting the *Great Chartreuse*, he saw beautiful horrors, mountains lost in the skies, torrents rushing down precipices, and, to finish the landscape, a group of anchorets more dead than alive.

IT was not the *Chartreuse* of *Naples*, so magnificent for its marbles and situation; nor was it that of *Paris*, so pleasant and so famed; but an assemblage of cells overlooked by snowy mountains, and never visited by the sun.

HE was introduced into the cell of each Monk, and he found them all his most zealous disciples. Nothing has a greater resemblance to REASON, than men entirely taken up with their own soul and with God, despising this world, and belonging only to eternity.

THEY presented to him, according to custom, when he was going away, a book in which travellers write their names, and some sentences relative to the holiness of the place. He took the pen, and wrote these few words, apparently very simple, but at the same time replete with wisdom.

“ Among all the countries a man may run  
“ through, this small corner of the earth merits a distinction, as the asylum of peace and  
“ virtue. I have seen it with admiration; I

“ stopped here with joy, and here I leave true  
“ Philosophers, who ought at least to be ad-  
“ mired by those who are not called to imi-  
“ tate them.”

HIS way back led him to *Vienne*, where he saw nothing but a beautiful cathedral; to *Valence*, where he found nothing but an agreeable situation; to *Ambrun*, where he met with nothing but some company, whose conversation was the same every day; to *Briançon*, where he could see nothing, but some old officers, who lived with œconomy on their pensions, and took care of their health. He stopt likewise in some other towns, which for noise might be compared to the game of backgammon. They enquired after whatever passed, and told every thing that passed; this is commonly the case in all little towns. They resemble bee-hives, where there is a perpetual buzzing and stinging.

FROM thence LUCIDOR went among some steep mountains, where he repassed in his mind whatever his eyes had seen; and then it was that he reflected on that number of passions, projects and whims which agitate cities and courts, and which, under the masque of a love for public good, produce the most singular events, and often the most monstrous ones.

HE judged that the age gave much into what is merely superficial; that people were less fond of diving into the bottom of things,  
than



than of slightly scimming them over; that men of real learning were as scarce, as the number of men of wit was increased; that a love of novelty made people invent things as absurd as they are ridiculous; that under pretence of aiming at the best, very often burlesque changes were made; that the senses usurped the place of the soul; that the necessary was neglected to hunt after the superfluous; that people allowed themselves every thing, because they durst do every thing.—Independence is the ruin of all good order.

HE judged that if the *Turks* had more knowledge, the *Russians* more liberty, the *Germans* more acuteness, the *English* more friendship for other nations, and less reservedness, the *Dutch* more politeness, the *Portuguese* more sincerity, the *Spaniards* a greater fondness for labour, the *French* more solidity, the *Italians* more of what is natural, they would all of them be people almost without a fault; but he thought at the same time, that there is no such thing as a perfect man, and that, some way or other, a tribute must be paid to human nature; and that though wickedness can never be excusable, weaknesses might.

HE judged that in the immense number of towns where he had stopt, some knew no other existence than play, others than the pleasure of eating, others allowed themselves to be entirely governed by sensuality, others by interest, others



others by futility, some few by science, many by wit. He could have wished that an exchange could have been made of manners, characters and taste; by this means all nations would almost be brought to a level, but that liberty which reigns among mankind, indispensably establishes a diversity. It is with us as with flowers, each one has its shades.

He judged that among the number of rational beings, of which the whole world consists, the greater part either insulted REASON, or gave themselves no trouble to become acquainted with it; that so many books which daily came from the press, and which one would think ought to enlighten mankind, only served to blind them; and that as every one had a favourite prejudice, REASON was easily confounded with opinion.—A justness of thought may be reckoned among prodigies.

HE judged that in some countries modes were more valued than manners; that rewards were bestowed on worthless talents; that the men who laboured to make REASON triumph, were forgotten; in a word, that there is, in the present age, more ambition than emulation, more pride than dignity, and that the general aim is more to dazzle than to enlighten.—Tinsel is invaluable in a superficial age.

HE judged it of importance towards the reformation of manners and the removing of  
pre-

prejudices, to allot employments to merit alone; to set up schools for the education of youth, where zeal might be found united with learning, and taste with erudition; that some attributed too much to REASON, others not enough, and that this was the source of Infidelity, as well as of superstition.—Virtue, as well as Truth, is only found in the mid-way.

HE judged that the true philosophical spirit had rendered real service to mankind, by casting an air of ridicule on so many unnecessary wars; that there was a far greater inclination towards peace, since a man of genius had very ingeniously ridiculed wars and battles; and that all both literary and theological disputes were insensibly carried on with less violence, because the same author had shewn at once both the danger and childishness of them.—Philosophy does great things, when it keeps within due bounds, and submits to faith.

HE judged that one nation in *Europe* would ruin itself by luxury; that another, unless its enterprizes were opposed, would invade more than one empire; that every thing was sacrificed to fortune, revenge, voluptuousness and even sloth; that some certain states subsisted only on credit; that certain towns had only a borrowed splendor; that almost every body was unhappy, solely because nobody was willing to live in a state of mediocrity.—Whenever

ever the bounds of moderation are past, neither justice nor wisdom can be found.

HE judged that if the small towns had little ways, little ideas, little sentiments; if people there fed on scandal and reports, the great ones on the other hand were given up to luxury and the whole impetuosity of the passions: that in some places there was not dissipation enough, in others too much: and that when all the different countries of the world were truly appreciated, a sort of compensation, as it may be called, was every where found.—There is no advantage without some inconvenience; no virtue without some blemish.

HE judged that by the intercourse now established between all the different countries of *Europe*, the people were become much more civilized; that literature was become a point of reunion, as well as commerce; that even the modes and fashions had contributed to that happy change; that by adopting the curls and dress of the *French*, their language had insensibly been changed, and the pleasing, agreeable manner of conversation, which is peculiar to them, seemed to give the *ton*.—The most trifling things have their utility.

HE judged that the age had made discoveries that did it honour; that it reckoned among its Sovereigns, its Ministers, Writers and Artists, men, the loss of whom would be regretted



gretted in the most distant ages to come: that if the style had become vitiated under a thousand futile pens, it had preserved its full strength and beauty in some Writers, who would not hearken either to fashion or prejudice.—A man must be naturally a grumbler or old, to value only past times; every age has its share of wisdom and folly.

HE judged that people took no longer any pleasure in seeing grand sentiments, except on the stage, that they were more attached to themselves, than to their duties; that luxury had given birth to a personal interest, which was a true *Egotism*, and that a love of the laws and of our country was too often treated as enthusiasm or passion.—The understanding is blinded, whenever the heart goes astray.

HE judged that *Europe* might now consider itself like a single empire, the masters of which visit one another with cordiality; but that in order to know the real distance from one place to another, and to have a just and precise idea of those places, a dictionary quite different from that of *Vosgien* was requisite, since he, in spite of his good intentions, is mistaken in every page in whatever relates to the distances and descriptions of places. The reason is, he measured them only on the maps. Fashion brings works into vogue as well as stuffs, and, generally speaking, those that are worth the least, are most esteemed.

LASTLY,



LASTLY, he judged that his own remarks, though those of REASON itself, would not please all characters, because every man has his own way of seeing and thinking — There never was yet a book wrote that pleased every body.

AFTER this so impartial a judgment, it was at last known, that the stranger, who had just compleated his travels under the name of LUCIDOR was REASON, and that he was resting himself on the mountains of *Dauphiné*. Immediately some led by curiosity alone, others by a desire of acquiring lights (it is understood that these latter made the smallest number) composed a great multitude of persons of every age and condition. But scarce had they gotten to the mountains, when the amiable traveller, dropping the mortal covering he the assumed, returned to *Olympus* with that bright and pure light, which forms the effence of REASON, with a design to visit *America*, *Africa*, and *Asia*, in the manner he had just visited *Europe*.

DIFFERENT rays of light were seen spreading themselves every way behind him, and which, undoubtedly, would have dissipated all illusions and prejudices, if opinions and fashions did not exercise a tyrannic sway over the minds of men



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